JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 30, 1939.
VOL. LXVI. 1750

TWO BIG NEW YEAR PRIZE OFFERS

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

IF IT'S CHOCOLATE
THEN IT'S FOOD

There's a glass-and-a-half of fresh, full-cream milk in every ¼ lb block of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. It's the world's most delicious way of giving yourself quick energy.

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE
. . . 'feeds you on your feet'

"JOHN BULL'S" WARTIME

A

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FREE

FOR EVERY READER

also

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

SECURITY GIFT *for* 1940

THE momentous step "John Bull" took in October last, when it announced its Free Air Raid Insurance, has made history. It was the greatest enterprise ever planned to bring confidence and a feeling of security to an overwrought and anxious nation. "John Bull" is proud to announce that this vital War time Security will CARRY ON in 1940. The knowledge that this protection is to continue in the coming New Year, the knowledge that if need arise practical assistance will be quickly forthcoming, will hearten anew hundreds of thousands of families. *Here are brief details of the Benefits:*

AIR RAID BENEFITS

£200 should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed.
£100 for either.

The following Benefits also apply to both husband and wife:

£100 for loss of two limbs.
£100 for loss of sight of both eyes.
£100 for loss of one limb and sight of one eye.
£50 for loss of one limb.
£50 for loss of sight of one eye.

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

FIRE up to **£1,000**. GAS EXPLOSION up to **£100**. BURST HOT-WATER PIPES up to **£100**. STORM AND FLOOD up to **£300**.

DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING up to **£300**. DAMAGE TO WIRELESS up to **£10**. BURGLARY AND HOUSEBREAKING up to **£500**.

A Certificate of Registration containing the full Benefits and Conditions of the Free Insurance will be sent to every reader on registration.

IMPORTANT **If you are already a registered reader you automatically qualify for the full range of these benefits.** You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent. If you have NOT yet registered for "John Bull's" great Double Security Gift do so at once on the forms below. Sign for "John Bull's" War time protection TO-DAY and look forward to the New Year with confidence.

IF YOU ARE NOT A REGISTERED READER SIGN FOR SECURITY NOW!

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 30/12/39.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 30/12/39.

SHAVEX

IS USED BY ALL BRITISH FORCES

NO SOAP—NO BRUSH—NO LATHER

For shaving when in a hurry it is marvellous—a perfect shave in two minutes. No water needed, but if you have water, moisten your face before using Shavex. You can shave in a quarter of the time that it takes with soap and brush and your skin will feel as fresh as a daisy. Almond Oil in Shavex keeps the face young and takes away wrinkles. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved and your skin will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes.

Millions all over the world are now using Shavex. Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex—the antiseptic shaving cream—the first on the market.

He: Ah, I see you've remembered my Shavex.

She: Of course, you silly darling, it's the first thing I thought of. I know you wouldn't be without it. And look, I'm putting in a tablet of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It's so nice and refreshing and so good for the skin.

He: It certainly smells nice. I like a Lavender scent. Thank you, my thoughtful little wife.

SHAVEX is sold in 6d., 1/- and 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
46, Blenheim Rd., London, N.19

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY AND HAS A BEAUTIFUL LINGERING PERFUME

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. One must not think of the cheap 3d. Tablets of Soap when thinking of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised shops. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Here's what I promised you. The secret that keeps my skin smooth and lovely amidst smoke, grime and all weathers . . . . ZEE-KOL ALMOND OIL SOAP."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "Oh, thank you, dear, what an exquisite lavender perfume it has, and what a beautiful lather it makes even in this hard water."

1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Yes, and the expensive Almond Oil in it is a real beauty treatment. Yet Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap costs only 6d. and is ten times better than those cheap 3d. tablets of soap."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "I'm going to get a good supply right away."

PALM OIL COSTS 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL Costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all.

The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin, and has a beautiful perfume that lingers over the face until washed away. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd.,
46, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.

In times like these

old friends are best

This wonderful friend of young and old has been the Golden Rule of Health for three generations. Now that personal health is more important than ever millions are relying upon Beechams Pills. Get some yourself! Beechams Pills are gentle, natural, effective, reliable. They are purely vegetable and obtainable everywhere.

Worth a Guinea a Box

Beecham's Pills

BRAND

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LAXATIVE

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, Dec. 30, 1939. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2 Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

**"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"**

ZERO HOUR IS HERE . . .

WAR is warming up, will probably soon be white-hot.

No need for alarm, for Britain and France are 100 per cent. prepared.

Unofficially, the Government is letting information leak out that stresses the news exclusive to JOHN BULL published on this page last week.

Through various channels, the Government is preparing us all for a lively intensification of the conflict, for the long-delayed Nazi invasion through Holland, bombing attacks on our seaport towns—as Sir Kingsley Wood warns—and on the British and French fighting lines.

Herman's New Plan

DURING the last three months and since it became clear that British aircraft can fly death rings round Nazi fighters, Goering has been restricting Nazi air activity.

He's concentrated on building an entirely new air force, with machines far faster than the old.

New Fighters Ready

THAT won't worry the R.A.F., which downed many of his new machines last week. And we also have been improving our aircraft.

As soon as the new Nazi fighters take the air, so will thousands of new and better Spitfires, thousands of another brand-new fighter type whose performance is said to be astounding.

Long Distance Range

AIR MINISTRY is also developing a combined bombing-and-fighting craft. It has the long-distance range of the heavy bomber, yet can manœuvre as rapidly as the modern fighter.

Maintain Supremacy

DESPITE alarmist reports that Nazis are spreading about the size of their tails-down air force, our R.A.F. is far more powerful and our monthly output of machines is far in excess of Germany's.

Every confidence among our experts that our supremacy will be maintained.

U-Boat Production

ALTHOUGH U-Boat production will reach its peak by the end of next month, the story that it will amount to ten a week is more likely to be propaganda than fact.

You know by Churchill's grim words that the Admiralty is not likely to under-estimate the enemy's strength.

Yet the Admiralty is also confident that the renewed U-Boat campaign will be mastered.

Naval Balance Sheet

EVEN if air warfare starts on a big scale, sea action will continue to play the unexpectedly big part that it has assumed in the last three months.

Strike a balance of naval losses between war's outbreak and the scuttling of the *Graf Spee*, and you'll find the result more than encouraging.

These Are Losses

NAZI losses include 40 U-Boats, out of 60 in commission when war started. One pocket battleship, one cruiser, and smaller craft. Another heavy cruiser so badly damaged that it may have been lost.

British losses include one battleship, *Royal Oak*; one aircraft carrier, *Courageous*; two destroyers and a third sunk in collision; one armed merchant cruiser, *Rawalpindi*; one submarine blown up by accident, and smaller craft.

Although tragic, our losses are far less than might have been feared considering that our Navy has to keep watch over all seven seas.

And we have a million tons of naval vessels in construction!

Lost Merchantmen

WE have lost rather fewer than 400,000 tons in merchant shipping, despite the unrestricted submarine warfare.

Germany has lost 186,000 tons, even though most of her vessels are withdrawn from trade; and 42 of her merchantmen have been captured or scuttled.

It Is Beyond Doubt

IN comparing these figures, remember our gigantic trade. In the first three weeks of this month 1,120 ships came into British ports.

In the same time we lost only ten vessels.

As neutral countries point out, our sea supremacy is beyond doubt.

Finding 'Em Out

BRITAIN is far more ready now in scores of ways for "total war" than when we first expected it. Even some of the comparatively little weaknesses are being ironed out.

With Churchill in command, the Navy has borne the brunt so far. But now...

Sir Kingsley Wood has sliced down the profits of a big aircraft company by a third.

Hore-Belisha has called for a full report on the cost of building Army camps.

No Complaints Here!

INTRODUCTION of rationing, too, means that Britain will be more efficient. No complaints from us!

True, as critics wail, that there is no shortage of food. But the Government is looking ahead, aware that there are five million more mouths to feed than in 1914, eager not to employ so many warships on convoy duties that the Fleet's might would be impaired, determined that equal supplies shall be available to rich and poor alike.

Butter By Post

ONE loophole has escaped Mr. Morrison. Although "unofficial" butter rationing is already in force—and a half-and-half measure we don't like—you can get as much butter as you like by post.

It's legal to buy unlimited quantities of it in Eire, and the Post Office is doing good business by bringing it over to those who can afford it!

They Must Get Out

ONE London council, intent on being ready for any big offensive, has sacked 400 voluntary workers in the cause of 100 per cent. efficiency.

(Continued overleaf)

A NEW YEAR GIFT TO EVERY READER!

JOHN BULL'S

VITAL WARTIME SECURITY GIFT FOR 1940

SEE PAGES 2 AND 3

New Year Greetings to all our readers

Continued from previous page

Again, no complaint from us.

A lot of "pretties"—volunteers of bigger social standing than brains—must also go.

So must local government officials and councillors who have shared out war jobs among themselves.

One Man, One Job

TOO many town clerks have become food controllers, councillors have snaffled paid A.R.P. posts for themselves and relatives, assessment officers and the like have become fuel controllers.

One man, one job, should be the rule in war time.

Coast Watchers

COMPLAINTS reach us, also, that many auxiliary coast watchers are retired farmers unable to distinguish ships laying mines from boats fishing for flounders.

This vital, tedious, arduous job calls for men of experience and young enough to withstand exposure.

Official 2s. 6d.

COST of living is now unofficially admitted to have risen by half-a-crown in the £ since the black date of September 3.

Six million workers have had pay increases; another six millions haven't. Better allowances for the unemployed, better old age pensions are coming.

But what of widows, disabled ex-Servicemen and others with fixed incomes?

Among the Cabinet's hardest tasks will be to find a way of keeping costs down or seeing that the burdens are evenly spread.

Can't Keep Pigs

ANOTHER problem accounts for much of the food muddle. Farmers are urged to keep more pigs.

But they find it almost impossible to get feeding meal; are even having to kill off the animals before they reach maturity.

Cows are being killed off instead of being kept for several seasons as milk producers.

He's an officer, though you mightn't think so at first sight

Just Can't Feed 'Em

REASON is that last year we imported 7,500,000 tons of feeding stuffs for animals.

Now we've got to grow most of them—oats, barley, beans, or good grass—on the land we had so criminally allowed to lie fallow, two million acres of which must be ploughed up before next summer.

Impossible? As Mr. Morrison says, that word must be struck out of our vocabulary. Fortunately, the scheme has already made a good start.

Cotton is Dangerous

COTTON boom, also, is in full swing. Once again the Lancashire operatives are being tempted to invest their savings in "get-rich-quick" schemes.

They should have learned by experience. They cannot get inside information about market-rigging to which financiers have access. And when the break comes, they'll be left to hold the expensive baby.

National Savings Scheme is safer for savings!

Battery Trouble

PROFITEERING on batteries goes on. One reader bought a torch battery for 3d. in a chain stores, then went to a big department stores and found the identical type of battery priced at 10½d.

Mr. Oliver Stanley has promised to consider the whole position. It shouldn't take him long, seeing that the facts are as plain as any searchlight.

All That Waste

THERE is no rush to use the vast amount of waste products.

No urgent appeal to householders to clear out unwanted metal, though there's hardly a house without its small store of broken tools and other rubbish that should go to arms factories.

As for paper, huge amounts are burned every day.

Every waste sheet, every inch of cardboard and cloth, should be collected, for remanufacture.

Every Yard Needed

LACK of co-ordination is also exemplified by Tynemouth Corporation, which has given notice to 120 allotment holders because the land is wanted for a refuse dump.

And this when every yard of good soil is needed for crops!

Make Life Easier

WAR or peace, medical men continue their effort to make life easier. At last a really comfortable, healthy, yet attractive shoe has been devised by Mr. Edwin Lindsay, distinguished surgeon, and successfully tried out by nurses.

Shoe-making plant will have to be altered, but the technical difficulties can be overcome if the trade can be persuaded to co-operate.

If that is done, the news may well prove more important than hundreds of acclaimed "successes."

They Don't Like It

MANY doctors are up-in-arms against the new battle-dress for Tommies. They claim it doesn't protect the body against cold so well as the old-type tunic.

Most Tommies like it, complain only that it makes it hard to recognise an officer. Several times, high-spirited lads have shouted impolite banter at a fat figure bulging in battle-dress, and have suddenly discovered to their horror that the fat figure was that of their colonel.

Behind the NEWS

THE British Expeditionary Force is prepared for a surprise move. Nazi generals are believed to be concentrating the most powerful forces opposite the British line in an effort to break through.

Idea is to discredit our troops in French eyes, thus drive a political wedge between the Allies.

What a hope!

*

Sir Stafford Cripps, on his way to India to try to smooth out differences between Britain and Congress, saw both Government and Labour Party leaders before he left. His visit is "unofficial," but his plan is backed by Government and Opposition.

*

In the last ten days France has bought 650 fighter and 270 reconnaissance machines from the United States.

*

Soviet delegation to Berlin, now back in Moscow, placed orders for machinery. Germany will receive oil and foodstuffs in exchange. Whitehall believes the amounts to be small.

*

Nazis have failed to get the Czech gold in the Bank of International Settlements. Order for its transfer has been declared by the Bank to have been obtained under duress. Gold will be impounded during war's duration.

*

Nazi propaganda campaign, aimed at winning over Czechs, suggests that Dr. Benes wants his country to be merged into Austria under a Habsburg king. Another lie.

*

Workers at Krupps and other arms factories have been granted extra rations of food. Even so, production hasn't gone up.

*

Still more advertisements in Danish newspapers for dead dogs, wanted by Nazi factory that produces glycerine and other fats for munitions. Factory was set up year ago at Husum, northern Germany. Smaller plants are believed to exist elsewhere.

*

Austrian workers still reported by neutral observers to be "going slow." Enough spare parts to assemble three complete machine-guns a day are disappearing from Skoda works in Czechoslovakia.

Make Yourself Secure

ON the threshold of another difficult year, JOHN BULL readers can derive confidence from the announcements on pages 2 and 3.

They describe JOHN BULL'S Wartime Security Gift, an offer to every reader of a Free £200 Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, and the free, comprehensive household benefits which have proved so useful in the past.

Without delay, you must turn to pages 2 and 3 and make sure you have this unparalleled protection.

A. G. GARDINER, *wise commentator on world affairs, looks into the dark and swirling mists of the future and sees ahead of us* THE YEAR OF DESTINY

WE stand on the eve of a new year, the horoscope of which no man can read. The conventional greetings will fall from our lips, but they will fall weighted with the anxieties that hang heavy on our hearts.

It was possible on the eve of the year that is now passing still to hope that the calamity we all feared would be avoided.

That hope has been destroyed by the criminal lunatic who has set the world once more in a blaze to further his insane ambitions.

But while we cannot pretend to foreshadow the course of the New Year, we can say one thing with some confidence.

Before it is out it will have gone far to settle the future destiny of mankind.

By this I don't wish to encourage extravagant hopes of a short war. I remember the experience of the prophets of 1914 too well to do that.

But the gigantic scale in which the present war has begun—a scale far greater in cost and in material equipment than that reached even at the end of the last war—implies a strain that cannot be long maintained without such evidences of distress somewhere as will indicate the ultimate verdict.

★

THE coming year, therefore, is the year of fate.

It will decide whether freedom or slavery, civilisation or barbarism, democracy or dictatorship are destined to rule the earth.

In that decision this country will be the decisive factor, and we cannot apply our New Year's eve thoughts to better purpose than to take stock of the mighty task before us.

And in the first place, let us beware of comfortable illusions.

The pessimist and the optimist are both bad influences, and I am disposed to think that the gospel of Mark Tapley is more dangerous to-day than that of Mrs. Gummidge.

It is more dangerous because over-confidence relaxes effort.

It is better to overestimate the enemy than to underestimate him, better to have an overwhelming margin of safety than the narrowest margin on the other side.

"A man would be a fool," said Nelson, "who fought a battle two-to-one when he could fight it ten-to-one."

Let there be no mistake about the magnitude of the task ahead in the New Year.

There has been much, it is true, to encourage us. We have had triumphs at sea, and our mastery in that theatre of war has been established much more completely than it was ever established in the Great War.

★

IN the air, where we had reason to fear the worst, our record has been surprisingly satisfactory.

We are still behind in numbers, but we are catching up, and the quality of our machines and of our personnel is definitely superior to that of the enemy.

THIS HAS BEEN PROVED IN PRACTICALLY EVERY ENCOUNTER THAT HAS TAKEN PLACE.

Nor have we any ground for dissatisfaction on land. The French Army is the finest army in Europe, and the Maginot Line is an impregnable barrier.

In 1914-18 Germany was encamped on French soil, feeding on French food, drawing on French ore supplies. To-day, Hitler does not occupy a foot of French soil.

In 1914 Germany swarmed into Belgium and had all the resources of that country at her command.

A new year dawns . . . . blood red. What does it hold for us?

To-day, Hitler is held back by his own generals from the gamble of an invasion of Belgium and Holland.

There are other grounds for a reasoned confidence. In 1914 we faced a united Germany. To-day the Gestapo, in Himmler's phrase, is fighting a war on the Home Front against the multitude of enemies that Hitlerism has created.

Hitler has crushed Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria; but they are not assets.

They are liabilities. They, too, have to be held down by the secret police.

Again, Hitler has bought Russia, but he has bought her at an immense sacrifice.

He has bartered the Axis and the Anti-Comintern Pact for Stalin's grim smile, and has lost the support of all the Southern European countries from Spain to the Balkans.

In 1914 Turkey was a tower of strength to Germany, and gave her access to the Mediterranean and the whole of Asia Minor.

To-day a much more formidable Turkey bars Hitler's way to both.

What this means will be understood when we recall the devastation of the enemy submarines in the Mediterranean in the Great War.

All this is true and, seen as the Mark Tapleys see it, it suggests that victory is already well in sight.

But it is not all the truth. There is another side to the picture which we shall ignore at our peril.

Germany is a nation of 88 millions of the most industrious and disciplined people in Europe.

In the race of armaments they have had a flying start of five years over the Allies.

It was in 1933 that they began secretly preparing for this war: it was less than two years ago that we awakened to the fact, and only after Munich that our rearmament was seriously begun.

During those seven years Germany has been converted into one vast arsenal.

Everything has been sacrificed to the needs of war. The whole nation has been working at top-speed day and night to forge the most formidable instrument in Europe.

Concurrently, in every sphere of action—finance, economics, trade, propaganda, diplomacy—effort has been concentrated on the war motive.

It would be madness to suppose that we have yet seen the full measure of Germany's power.

She is committed to using that power with a lawless barbarism that has had no parallel in the warfare of civilised nations.

★

UNDER the tyrannic despotism of a madman of genius, cunning as he is cruel, Germany has been lashed into a frenzy of hate and fear and savagery that will stop at nothing.

Nor must we underestimate the value of the Russian pact.

It is getting tighter every day, and bad as it is for Germany in the long run, it may be of immense value to her for the immediate purposes of the war.

And nothing else matters to-day for Hitler or for us.

THE MORAL OF ALL THIS IS THAT WE MUST FORCE THE PACE. WE MUST THROW EVERY OUNCE OF OUR RESOURCES INTO THE STRUGGLE, REGARDLESS OF EVERYTHING BUT WINNING THE WAR AND WINNING IT SWIFTLY.

For if the war is lost everything is lost. Everything! If you doubt it, remember Czechoslovakia, remember Poland.

"What a city to loot!" said Blücher, as he looked down on London from the gallery of St. Paul's. Think of Hitler surveying London from St. Paul's as a conqueror!

Impossible? No. Another "Munich" triumph for Hitler in Poland, making him master of all Europe beyond the Rhine, and the doom of the Western democracies would have been sealed.

Happily, the "Munich" rot was stayed in time. But, as Wellington remarked to Creevey after the battle of Waterloo, "it was a damned near run thing."

Now the issue is with the nation. Let us, as one man, dedicate the New Year to the destruction of Hitlerism and the enthronement of freedom, peace and security among the nations of the earth.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO THE WORLD"

By J. M.

A HAPPY New Year to the World! May God speed that message my friends, and carry it over the earth to its farthest and uttermost ends. And from the Hope in all hearts, may there rise an Era of Gold, in which all the Faith of the World lies outspread for mankind to behold.

A HAPPY New Year to the World! Was there ever a wish so grand? A wish like the warmth from God's Sun shining on every land. A wish that is shaped like a prayer, wrought on the Anvil of Pain. Oh God, Look Down on Your World and redeem it from War's Dark Reign.

A HAPPY New Year to the World! May every road that we wend, have a Lamp of Love with a Million beams hung at its journey's end. And deep in the Heart of Time may each hour that beats bring near, the Happiest Day for All the World, the DAY WHEN PEACE SOUNDS THE ALL CLEAR.

Imaginary Interview on the Black-Out Bus

Not So Simple Simon!

"APPY New Year?" Same to you an' I'm sure I 'ope so! . . . Why, if it isn't Sir John Simon 'imself! Even with your 'at on, I could spot you at once, and my mates will be proper envious when I tell 'em I've 'ad the Chancellor of the Exchequer riding on my old bus. . . .

Probably some of *them* will be getting a little New Year's greeting from you about now, won't they, Sir John?

You know! One of them buff papers wot tell the taxpayers to think of a number and then pretty well 'alve it! Not that we get such a big screw, mind you! Only, wot with saving a bit and p'raps marrying into a bit of money, it don't take much to 'ave to pay Income Tax, do it?

"The more tax you 'ave to pay, the bigger your income," sez you? . . . Right enough; and you wouldn't find me complaining, not if I 'ad to pay a million! Only thing is, you can't 'ave it bof' ways, can you? The more you takes in taxes, the less there must be left for people to spend and save.

Take this 'ere 'orse power tax, f'rinstance.

YOU say you can't see your way to keep it at fifteen bob and you 'as your reasons. And well you might 'ave!

But, just the same for that, fahsands and fahsands of motorists are going to lay up their cars and so you won't get no tax from them. And 'eaps more garages and pumping stations will 'ave to close dahn and so they won't pay no taxes either.

I don't say you can 'elp that, but I do 'ope you'll 'ave a word wiv your pal Ernest Brown, and persuade 'im to 'urry up with that there absorption of the unemployed wot's supposed to be coming along.

An', talking of the unemployed, poor chaps, don't you think it's time to 'and out a little extra to *them*?

Isn't the Unemployment Fund saving 'arf a million quid a week?

Either you saves the 'arf million at their expense, or you gives it back to 'em to 'elp meet the rising cost of living. And they spend it and that 'elps trade and wotever you loses in the end wouldn't be more'n a flea-bite on your Budget!

Anuvver little bone I want to pick wiv you, Sir John, is abaht the Old Age Pensioners. More'n two months ago you as good as promised them a rise. Why 'aven't they 'ad it? . .

I 'ear nah it may be as much as 'arf a crahn and, Blimy! that wouldn't be a fat lot to crow abaht in normal times! But when they *do* finally get it, it looks to me as though prices will 'ave risen so 'igh they won't be much better off than they wos before!

Yus; I grants you I don't know much about 'igh finance, but 'oo does if it comes to that?

ORDINARY blokes like me are ready to do our bit.

We don't grumble at 'igh taxes. We don't mind 'aving a shot at saving a bit and, aht of wot's left, we'll try to keep the 'ome fires burning and the shops aht of bankruptcy.

We'll give it you bof' ways as far as we can.

But when you and all your old Chinas get together in the Cabinet, I do 'ope and pray, Sir John, that you'll practise wot you preach. And that means cutting aht national waste altogether, and still maintaining necessary normal spending wiv a good 'eart. . . .

We're all in the same boat, ain't we?

Here are the Answers

"Hang the Kaiser" was the cry after the last war. "Hang Hitler" may be the cry this time. Is there any international legal machinery by which Hitler could be brought to trial?

THERE is no such machinery. The only law governing such matters is the rule of might. Hitler might be seized and despatched out of hand if Germany were occupied by the Allies, but there could be no pretence of legality about the business.

An enemy soldier or subject could be tried for a "war crime" such as breaking the code of war by hoisting the white flag and then firing on advancing troops.

Hitler has broken several of the rules of warfare, but it would not be possible to draw up a fair legal indictment assigning sole blame to him.

We might prove that he has ordered "sinking without warning" of merchant vessels. Yet the submarine commander who ordered the torpedo to be fired, the men who manned the U-boat, the staff and superior officers who passed on Hitler's order, are all culpable in law.

*

Why is there any danger of British aircraft being attacked by British guns?

Now that aeroplanes are reaching extreme limits in speed, range, and weight carrying capacity, designers in all countries are approximating to the same shapes in structure.

It is often difficult from the ground to distinguish one machine from another, especially if they are flying high for reconnaissance purposes.

Gunners are now developing "spotting" and identification devices.

The R.A.F. has started tail-marking machines to stall off over-enthusiastic gunners in France.

Germans are painting the underside of their aircraft a colour that can be readily picked out by ground spotters, using colour-screen lenses.

"Coloured searchlights are another aid for night spotting"

HITLER IN THE DOCK

Coloured searchlights, useful for cloud piercing, are another aid for night "spotting" of friendly or enemy aircraft, provided that the bodies of their own machines are painted a specific colour.

*

There have been numerous instances of newly joined and reserve Army officers not receiving the pay of their rank since the beginning of the war. Why should some of their wives have to apply for public assistance?

Authorities say that in such an instance either the officer or his bank is at fault.

The pay warrant says that every officer must send in a "joining up certificate to his agent or bank."

Without that formality he cannot draw the pay of his rank.

If he has done so, the bank may be responsible through not following up the Gazette announcements and claiming pay.

*

Is it likely that many more men will be released from the Army for civilian occupations in which they will be more useful?

Agricultural workers are likely to be released on a big scale. Discussions between the Services and the Ministry of Agriculture will probably have effect when about 15,000 land workers in the early twenties are due to be called up.

Such workers are in the "reserved" class from 21, but at least 10,000 young workers were called up from the Territorials at the beginning.

The Army wants to keep them, but the "grow more food" drive has the stronger claim.

They do it differently in France.

Most of their trained land workers, though formally called up, were released almost at once for their land duties.

*

It has been officially stated that the French have ample strength and multiple reserves. Why then should British troops be needed in sections of the Maginot Line?

To dispose of enemy propaganda in France that French soldiers only are to bear the brunt of action in the field.

To give British troops experience in fighting from modern fortifications.

Since the Generalissimo of the Armies in France is to be French, it is as well to give our troops, field officers and staff practical experience of working in with our Allies.

The Human Machine

Keep Balanced!

THERE is a great danger of drugging the mind with a single thought. Let us admit that times are hard. Let us agree that things are depressing. Let us accept the fact that the life we used to know has gone. A strange new world has taken its place.

In giving the enemies of the human mind everything they claim, we must remember that essentials still remain.

We can ignore this fact.

If we are foolishly inclined, we can think, read and talk of nothing but war. And we would be doing nothing but poison our lives.

There is a tiny poem, illustrating the astonishing difference in outlook:

"A curve in the road and a hillside
Clear cut against the sky;
A tall tree tossed by the autumn wind,
And a white cloud riding high:
Ten men went along that road
And all but one passed by.

"He saw the hill and the tree and the cloud
With an artist's mind and eye,
And he put them down on canvas . .
For the other nine men to buy."

So much depends on point of view.

It can make life bearable. It can make it utterly miserable. It depends on how far we can bring a genuine sense of proportion to bear on what is happening.

World events are affecting us all. We feel their impact even inside our homes, but even this is not everything.

We still have our own lives to shape.

We still have our own thoughts and our own atmosphere to create. We can't do any of it if we allow our minds to be drugged into using only one channel.

We can't evade the dark side of life even if we could, but that is all the more reason why we should earnestly seek the bright side.

It is more necessary than ever to lead a *balanced* mental life.

Read the little poem again.

There's a lesson in it for everybody.

NEWS *from the* FRONTIER

Britain's Front Line Secrets by MAURICE FAGENCE

While there is still "nothing of importance on the Western Front," bitter warfare is raging at Britain's gates.

Beyond, and sometimes over, the East Coast our Spitfires give battle daily to the marauding Messerschmitts. From our misty Eastern harbours, men of the King's Navy go out to hunt the enemy; our merchantmen sail undaunted into the perils of torpedo, mine and bomb.

In fact, in this war we have a frontier in the Continental sense. Luckily we also have a Maginot Line—the impregnable Battle Fleet.

To bring you the war news from this frontier, we have posted our special correspondent, Maurice Fagence, to the East Coast with a roving commission.

Wherever the news is hot, there he will be found. Week by week he will report for you the War on Your Doorstep.

Here is his introductory article.

AT five in the morning—and what a morning!—there came a thunderous knocking on my bedroom door at the Angel Hotel, Whitby.

Over the howl of a gale that sang in the chimneys and hosed rain at my windows, I heard a woman shout: "The Admiralty's wanting you, sir. They're on the 'phone from London."

The Admiralty wanting me?

"I'm No. 8," I hailed back. "It can't be No. 8 you want. Go back and ask them."

Then came the night porter's turn. His heavier hand on the panels of my door jerked me into consciousness.

"I'm afraid it is you, sir," he said. "I told them everybody was asleep, but the Admiralty just laughed and said the Fleet never sleeps, and told me: 'You tell the Commander we want him.'"

A movement in No. 9, next door.

A voice: "The Admiralty? The Commander? Why, it's me."

Two minutes of din, as though a cannon-ball was being rolled about in the next room, and then the Commander fired a salvo with his bedroom door.

What excitement followed downstairs! What a bubbling up there was of human nature at its best!

The captain's ship, which had drifted ashore on such a night as this 27 days before—when, with a light no bigger than that of a sixpenny flashlamp, it had been protecting you in your beds—had floated off.

Just when it was too wild for a tug to stand by.

The Admiralty had rung up to say so.

AND the skipper—white-haired, fifty if he was a day, a man who had settled down to the calm of life ashore with no thought that war would ever call him to sea again—the skipper was preparing to go out through this wildest of nights to his ship.

The cook said he must wait for something hot. The skipper said: "Not on your life." The manageress said it would be death to try to find the docks in such a storm, that she had rung up the A.R.P. to guide him, and that he must wait for them.

The skipper said: "*NOT ON YOUR LIFE.*"

But then the A.R.P. arrived, frozen blue, but ecstatic—as hundreds of thousands of A.R.P. workers would be—at the chance of doing the real war work they volunteered for. They let the gale in with them.

Hot drinks? No, thank you. Hot food? No, thanks. In ten seconds, gale and rain had driven the door to again, and the captain was striding to rejoin his ship.

"The skipper's happy again," said the old cook. "He'd been looking so down in the mouth."

Four nights in succession on this "private view" of the East Coast at war I had confirmation that "The Fleet never sleeps." This was the third.

I might have had my pockets stuffed full of permits and been taken on all sorts of Press-party trips and not found out so graphically.

On the first night of the four, I had gone for a midnight walk along the sea-front at Harwich.

I was on the sea-front when I saw coming ashore the weariest procession of men it has ever been my lot to see.

They were the crew of a merchantman that had stolen down from the Arctic Circle through unbelievable hazards.

The officers, red-eyed through the strain of keeping watch over a pitch-black ocean, winced at the merest trace of light as if they were bats that had been long imprisoned in some old steeple.

"Five mines dead on our course in the three hours before darkness fell," said one bridge officer. "Our gunner blew them up.

"Then seven hours sailing in inky blackness, and we told ourselves: It don't need five, four, three or even two now. One will do."

"Yet here we are," said an incredibly young officer, with an attempt at gaiety.

That was all.

Next night, at Yarmouth, I had a chat with a petty officer.

He parades with the British Legion in a London suburb, when he is not tending his garden. He has grown-up children, is white-headed, like so many men called up to keep our coast clear of mines.

"I want a hotel. I'm frozen," he shuddered.

So I found him a hotel. It took an hour before we had thawed him out sufficiently to sign the book.

Then, over a hot midnight meal, he picked his words carefully.

"I WOULDN'T tell my best friend about movements of ships, past or present. I wouldn't even tell my wife of things that were going to happen in the future.

"But this happened sufficiently long ago for it to be safe, so here goes."

Then he told me of the old skipper, recalled to the fleet, whose ship hit a mine.

It was a grazing blow, and the old tub didn't seem to have received a maximum of damage. It seemed unlikely to the skipper and the other men on the bridge that she would sink.

But what game was that gay-painted neutral ship playing?

She steamed right up close. Her crew gathered on deck and started shouting and waving.

The old skipper leaned over his rail. "What the hell are they shouting?" he called.

His yeoman replied: "They say we're sinking, sir."

The old salt cast one look of contempt at the neutral crew, as one would look at an interfering stranger.

"Well, let the ——— sink," he bawled.

She didn't. . . .

Darkness was falling as I made my way along the sea-front at South Shields. The wind was piercing, the sea choppy. A little group was collected round a telescope and looking out to sea.

Casually, I peered into the mists of the sea.

I saw the bridge, the masts and all the top hamper of a big cargo boat. But where was the ship herself?

Beneath the sea.

She was just afloat. No ship could ever have been nearer to the point of sinking without actually going down. Astern, her decks were actually beneath water.

Two tugs were apparently trying to run her aground, and, behind her, a wreck boat was waiting.

I joined the little watching group.

Dead centre was an old sea-captain, eighty-five years old, perhaps.

It is a marvel to me that he wasn't afloat somewhere. Judging by what I have seen, old sailors, far from never dying, never give up their calling while there is an enemy challenging Britain.

"She must have a cargo of wood aboard which is keeping her afloat," he said.

"Is she British?" asked a woman of about forty in the group. Looking at her, I shivered, for she wore no overcoat, seeming to be disdainful of the cold.

"Aye, she's British," said the captain.

"There's no sign of a crew. And there's no boats. Aye, they must have taken to the boats. Not a good sea for to take to the boats in."

"Oh, God," said the woman.

"I'll give her 8,000 tons gross," said the captain. "No. I tell a lie I'll give her 6,000 gross. But here comes somebody from the docks. We'll be hearing a bit about her."

We got the story in jerks, shouted above the wind.

Adrift six days. . . . Aye. . . . Crew took to the boats, but never heard of them being found. . . .

"Oh, God," said the woman once more.

Another ton would sink her, continued the man from the docks. . . . Aye . . . Timber, that was it. . . . A good haul for the two tugs, what had been chasing her for three days after her crew had left her.

"Damn the tugs!" said the woman. "Damn the money side. My man's a sailor. He dredged where they're beaching her; last March it was. He's at sea now. Damn the salvage money, I say. And the men on the tugs'll say so, too." She turned away, crying.

You may have heard the completion of that story. I did, two days later, in a warm seaside hotel, before a blazing fire, with a waiter telling me that dinner would be served as soon as the news bulletin was finished.

". . . but one of the vessels reported lost a week ago has since turned up at a north-east port, where she has been successfully beached," droned the announcer.

After seeing the stricken cargo boat beached, I strolled round the docks There I met the chief engineer of a tramp steamer just in from Halifax, Nova Scotia.

WE had drinks in a ramshackle bar. He told me of two Italian ships he had seen. Mined. Their backs broken. He told me of a trawler blown up before his eyes.

"Come to prayers with me," he said. "Six of the crew and myself always give thanks to God when we get through safely. It seems less selfish than praying before the danger arrives.

"We are Scots, you see. Real Sabbatarians, although we favour no sect. We just believe in God, that's all."

I promised him I would not describe his little prayer meeting. "It would look sentimental and insincere in print," he said.

Will he forgive me just two or three lines with no sentiment, no insincerity—just the simple mention of the fact that he thanked God for "bringing us safely through the unseen dangers that surrounded us" and ended this with the Lord's Prayer?

MORE NEWS FROM THE FRONTIER NEXT WEEK.

GRIN and BEAR IT!

By OLIVER PLUSH

HITLER sat at his desk in the Wilhelmstrasse, chin in hand, gazing at nothing with concentrated fury, when little Goebbels came scampering in through a secret panel in the skirting board.

"Great news, mein Fuehrer!" he squeaked. "Fresh proof of our naval might!"

"What, the British Fleet sunken is?"

"Nein, nein, but another of our liners has slunk home safely."

"Ach, himmel! And you call that great news? Blankandamhein! It means only that she will at Bremerhaven gather barnacles!"

"Ja, mein Fuehrer, but think—pure Nordic barnacles!"

Time's Tidings

The years roll by, the years roll by,
And one's thatch grows thin on top;
Girl friends, who are girls no longer, dye,
And our dreams of fortune flop;
There is change, more change, where'er we turn,
Except in my purse, ah me!
And the jokes when *will* they a pension earn?
Dished out by the B.B.C.!

The years they come and the years they go,
It's a way that years have got;
Illusions vanish like last week's "dough,"
And our schemes go all to pot.
But cheer up, since we are still on deck,
And ring the New Year chimes!
And wring aggression by the neck,
And ring in better times!

Missing Friends

Those "important documents" which are so monotonously left in cars by Government officials have again broken into the news.

Really, it looks as if an order should be issued forbidding any Government official to leave his office with an attache case unless it is firmly attached to his person by means of leg-irons or an approved safety-pin.

Even this might not prevent one of the Whitehall boys going to the length of losing himself. But he would then be easily recognisable, and it would only be necessary to advertise: **"Will any person finding an attache case with bloke attached please return case to the Circumlocution Office? Finder may keep bloke."**

Sez 'Enery

'Enery took a firm grasp of his mug and gazed at its contents with dreamy reverence. As he elevated his elbow a sigh escaped him.

"Well, 'ere's to th' skin off yer boko for th' larst time," he remarked.

"Why the last time?"

"Goin' on th' water wagon th' first of Jannery," he announced mournfully.

"No!"

"Yes. Blimey! a man's gotter do somethink! Look at the cost of livin'!"

"Thanks, I'd rather not! Hate the sight of it!"

"An' it's all 'cos of Itler. My oath, it's a good job fer 'im my missus can't get at 'im!"

"I bet it is!"

"There'd be none of this 'ere ole school tie stuff. 'E'd be sunk whether it wos according to th' rools or not!"

"Good for Mrs. 'Enery!"

"That's right. To 'ell wiv th' Markiss of Queensberry is wot I sez. If I 'ad my way, d'yer know wot I'd do?"

"Something against the rules, eh?"

"Yes, I'd bloomin' well send the R.A.F. to bombard th' blinkin' Willumstrasse wiv packets of insect powder!"

Mars: "This is gonna be mighty tiresome unless one of 'em sticks his neck out"—Chicago Tribune

Man and Sub-Man

Interviewed on her 107th birthday, Mrs. Ellen Fletcher, of Croydon, who thrives on half a pint of beer a day, spoke of Hitler as "that miserable teetotaller." Still, this is only a small helping of the indictment against him.

He doesn't drink beer,
And he knows not the glow
That comes to a man
When the wine starts to flow;
He hates half the world,
And he wears half a mo!

No wonder he is
Such a mis'rable bloke!
He doesn't eat meat,
And he can't see a joke,
Can't start a blitzkreig,
And can't even smoke!

He struts in a fury
Or sits in a trance;
He hasn't a wife,
He has had no romance,
He hasn't a Navy,
He hasn't a chance!

Wonders of Science

As an outcome of experiments on 200 marmots, Dr. Kaneo Inouye, of the Tokio Institute of Physical and Chemical Research, is able to tell the world that nicotine in moderate amounts benefits human beings.

These scientists are so quick on the uptake that we wouldn't be surprised if during 1940 one of them discovers that another little drink wouldn't do us any harm.

But if 200 experiments are needed to establish this great and glorious truth, why introduce the demon derrink to marmots? A call for volunteers to help with the experiments in the interests of science would, we feel sure, meet with a courageous response.

That Man . . .

He's now known as Adolph Scuttlegruber.

Envy of All

Small boy in Eton collar: "My father's a colonel."

Small boy not in Eton collar: "'Snothing. My father's got a torch battery."

Heart-cry

Postcard to Allies from Wilhelm of Doorn: "For Pete's sake don't send that *ersatz* little kaiser here!"

* * *

The above space has been caused by a poem in which I couldn't get a darn thing to rhyme with *blitzkreig*.

So I just never wrote it.

If—

If the price of wotsits goes up to three times as much as it is before the end of the war, think of what you're saving now at twice the price . . . .

If the macon we're going to get tastes like the bacon we're getting, you can pass me a slice of porridge.

H2 Milk O

Speaking of macon, you ought to taste the miater that the local dairy sells instead of milk.

Passed to You

Mr. Oliver Plush would like to take this opportunity of wishing both his readers a very Happy New Year.

By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yus, it's twenty years since I 'ad to dig a trench through your yard, Missus. Sorry I got to do it encore"

GOD has no FAVOURITES

Another Inspiring Fireside Talk

By the REV. PAT McCORMICK

The orators in Hyde Park know all about God...

HYDE PARK orators can always reckon on getting a hearing when they prate about "the unfairness of God." It is easy to omit any reference to the unfairness of Man to his fellows. God is unjust! He is jealous! He had a chosen race, leaving others outside His care! And so on!

Does God have favourites? Obviously not if He is a God of Love and Justice. Yet we often come across those who are unfortunate in some way or other.

There are always appeals for blind, deaf and dumb, for crippled children and for the mentally afflicted.

We hear of desperate poverty, and the problems of unemployed men and women who cannot find work.

We don't have to look far to see a hideous sidelight on the home life of thousands of poor people.

A witty American once said that the sign of the times was a question-mark supported by a Bishop and Journalist rampant, with the word "Why" as a motto.

Yet some people get all the kicks, others all the ha'pence.

Some have health, wealth and prosperity, others none of these.

OFTEN the prosperous and well-fed show no signs of having deserved good fortune.

Sometimes you can't help feeling sympathy for the Communist who knew the Book of Job, and said, "There's one verse in that which is the true word of God. 'The Tabernacles of robbers prosper.'"

It appears so unfair that on the surface it seems as though God had favourites.

To the man explaining life and creation without a God and denying powers of spiritual forces there is no difficulty.

Man has made a mess of things and produced an inferior kind of existence.

Man at least has favourites. Those who believe in a mind behind all creation wonder whether God is like man. Man may have been making his picture of God too much like himself.

God must be as good as the best life ever lived.

That is the life of Jesus Christ, and He had no favourites. To Him, Jew and Gentile were alike.

He was most opposed to the so-called religious people of His day who limited God to their own race, their own ideas.

Christ shows me God, and in my picture of God there is love for every man and woman, the worst as well as the best.

There is no favouritism.

Even at a moment of dreadful pain He cried out, "My God, Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

He knew the difficulty that we face, but He saw through it and cried "*Father.*"

Men were torturing Him, breaking His Mother's heart, and driving one of His friends to suicide, yet Jesus, suffering agonies, prayed, "Father, forgive these people, they know not what they do."

Our little minds cannot take in all there must be in God.

Much of this "favouritism" would vanish if man had lived according to the rule, "Seek ye first God's Kingdom."

Jews were the most advanced race, as far as a picture of God went.

They called themselves God's chosen people.

In truth, they had the mission of helping the world spiritually.

The Greeks were the people chosen to manifest art and beauty.

The Romans were chosen people to give law and order to the world.

EACH race seems to possess a special gift.

The Bible gives us a history of the idea of God.

In those Old Testament days, people did not hesitate to say, "God has favourites."

To-day we have learned the truth through Christ and can say, "*God has no favourites.*"

When we all live as Christ lived, our difficulties about this will have grown far smaller, and we shall discover that man's own failure in choosing the things he wanted has produced the miseries, the inequalities of life and the social systems allowing them to grow.

Where we cannot prove, we trust.

Where things exist to hide a God of Love, we must do away with such things so that the next generation may get a truer idea of God.

In another talk we must discuss the causes of sickness and other ills which many have to suffer and show that they have nothing to do with God's disfavour.

Lieutenant-General Sir John Brown, the Army's Uncle-in-Chief

TEN MEN and a GUN

COME to Isolation Point, and take a look at the Army's most human and most baffling social problem.

Pitchforked suddenly from civilian existence into the loneliest, bleakest, most primitive conditions of Army life; wind-blown, rain-swept, frost-bitten, facing all weathers at all hours of day and night, miles from the nearest village, you find Ten-Men-and-a-Gun.

A hot bath is a dream of luxury. A chat and a smoke with someone outside their little circle is a return to civilisation.

This unit is only one of thousands scattered over Britain keeping a twenty-four-hour watch over your homes—and the sky.

SOME of them are hundreds of miles from their homes.

Some of the units in a single battalion are scattered over hundreds of square miles.

Sometimes it is Ten-Men-and-a-Searchlight. The isolation is the same.

They are "A.A." men. "Territoriers," old and young, plucked from civilian life to man the anti-aircraft batteries.

Months of war, aided by wintry conditions, make the problem of their well-being the hardest yet faced by the Army's "Uncles," the newly-appointed Welfare officers.

All ages, all social and educational grades are represented among the Ten. They now have one thing in common, the fight to overcome not only the rigours of a primitive existence, but also, cut off from all social life, a real war "boredom" of loneliness.

Their condition has no counterpart in the Maginot Line or in towns and camps in this country where large numbers of troops are concentrated. It is easy to entertain men in the mess. The Ten-Men-and-a-Gun at Isolation Point are a far more difficult problem.

COLONEL H. L. NATHAN, M.P., newly appointed Director of Welfare to the Eastern Command and London, one of the Army's "Uncles," has launched a campaign with a meeting at the Mansion House to help such men.

He has arranged that there should be four area Welfare Officers and committees. Under them will be county officers and committees, and under them local Welfare Officers acting in liaison with unit Welfare Officers appointed by each unit within the county.

The local on-the-spot Welfare "Uncle" will bring comfort, entertainment and education to Isolation Point.

He will hear complaints and satisfy requests.

He will be concerned only with the social, not the military, life of the men and the wives and children they've left behind them.

Officers and rankers alike, they have worries at home, rents, insurances, hire purchases, domestic questions.

The "Uncle" will not collect comforts for them, only distribute amenities.

He will pass on to them the gifts sent by the public to collecting organisations. He will make sure that hot baths are available, will arrange lectures, discussions, and even classes in French and instruction to encourage vegetable growing in the garden surrounding every lonely hut.

HE hopes to take a mobile kinema to Isolation Point, even a travelling "sing-song," which consists of a lorry with a piano. The driver is the pianist and his companions put over a merry act.

He will arrange for voluntary local transport to take those Ten Men on their excursions to town.

Army "Uncles" have been posted not only to the Eastern, but to every other Command throughout the British Isles. They are under the direction of Lieut.-General Sir John Brown, the Army's Uncle-in-Chief.

They have a family of more than a million men under arms to look after, socially and mentally. Yet their biggest problem is still Ten-Men-and-a-Gun at Isolation Point.

Don't Risk Disappointment

"If I was still young enough to keep a diary I would put a black mark against last Thursday's date," writes Reader J. W. H., of New Brighton, Cheshire. "I couldn't buy a copy of JOHN BULL last Thursday, even though I searched every shop from Beacombe to Wallasey village.

"I know now just what you meant by saying that every reader should order his JOHN BULL."

JOHN BULL regrets that such a devoted reader should be disappointed in this way. But difficulties of distribution beyond our control make it impossible for us to do any more.

You can blame only war time conditions.

But you can avoid disappointment if you order your copy from your newsagent.

Make sure of your JOHN BULL and have the added comfort and security that is given by our Free Air Raid Insurance.

Signalling from one of the River Emergency Service's speedboats

From Teddington to the Nore, the sons of Old Father Thames keep ceaseless vigil . . .

HEROES of the BLACK-OUT BOATS

IN a ruined fort near Tilbury, a fort from which guns have fired on Dutch and French invaders, and now, in its decrepit old age, resembles a Saharan outpost in "Beau Geste" film, twenty men were sitting round a brazier.

Faces were begrimed with smoke, battered service caps were set askew and their jerseys were tattered and oil-stained. They seemed a tough, ruffianly crew. Yet one was a famous actor, another a wealthy member of Lloyd's. Among the others were solicitors, doctors, clerks, racing motorists, a champagne dealer and a novelist.

They were members of the River Emergency Service, one of the least known yet most important and hardest-worked of all the A.R.P. units in the country.

ALL these men spend their time ashore in the fort, sleeping, eating and yarning in the long-abandoned underground galleries.

They use the ancient war house as headquarters and landing stage for one of the defence sections into which the Port of London Authority has divided the 69 miles of London's river from Teddington to the Nore.

There are about 400 men in the River Emergency Service, not counting those who run hospital craft. All of them were amateur yachtsmen. Many are owners of the super-motor yachts in which they serve. They have let them on charter to the P.L.A.

To get an idea of the magnitude of their protective and communication duties along the river front you have only to realise that there are places for 200 ships in London's docks and along the wharfages.

There are 44 miles of quays on which every day is stacked at least £50,000,000 of merchandise. As much as the entire year's export trade for many nations! Most of this merchandise is food, cotton, metals, essential raw material for the life-blood of the country.

The Port of London Authority expected at the beginning of the war a mass air attack that might cripple London's dockland.

Hundreds of ships in dock and in the river might be bombed from the air. The river might become the only open highway through London.

That was the grim prospect the authorities had to bear in mind. And their most trusted emergency measure in their £250,000 A.R.P. scheme was the River Service.

Every creek and harbour in Britain were searched for fast pleasure craft. In a few weeks 200 vessels were assembled.

MEN experienced in handling such craft were trained in fire fighting and every form of A.R.P. work that might have to be carried out in difficult conditions.

They might have to rush out with complete gas kit to decontaminate a ship after an air attack and to deal with casualties among crews of foreign ships.

They might have to find one of the hundreds of river landing places in the dark to evacuate casualties from the city's streets to some of the half-dozen hospital craft on the river.

These hospital ships are converted pleasure steamers.

Speedier craft would rush officials and doctors to attacked areas that might be 40 miles apart, or run a shuttle service across river if bridges were smashed.

The River Emergency Service, prepared for all these eventualities, is now maid-of-all-work of the river. Every hour of the day and night, and in all weathers, the boats are out on some mission or another.

The night-log of one boat shows that it was ordered out at 10 p.m. to take two Special Branch Officers to a neutral ship that had enemy aliens on board. It had to find the ship in the dark among scores of others in the anchorage and wait until the Scotland Yard officers had carried out their investigation.

HAVING returned to headquarters for some sleep, the crew were ordered out again to find two barges six miles up river that had been showing lights in defiance of orders. Three hours were spent finding the offenders.

No sooner had the craft returned than an air raid "stand-by warning" sent it out again with full kit.

Navigating without lights, not even port and starboard side-lights, on a pitch-black river is a nerve-racking job.

Especially when travelling "full-out" in the sleety darkness of a winter night, when a drifting barge or floating wreckage might pierce the thin hulls of the boats.

Most of the boats carry invisible ray lamps, and faint luminous discs are fitted not only to the craft but also to all landing stages between Barnes Bridge and Holehaven on Canvey Island.

No glow can be seen from the air, but invisible rays cause luminous marks to show clearly.

Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P., is a member of the River Emergency Service and his boat, *Water Gipsy*, and its crew are "on service." For years Mr. Herbert has campaigned for using the river as a passenger highway. Ironical that a war was needed to give substance to his dream.

A War Time Baby . . .

Argue it out by PALLAS

THE man with a load of worry, the sort of man who would worry if he lived with the Archangels and were guaranteed a heaven to himself, looked glum when I told him that my wife had just had a daughter.

"What a terrible thing," he said, "to bring a child into a world like this at a time like this. What sort of life is she going to have? What miseries have you condemned her to? What sorrows has she to come?"

I didn't know.

I told him so.

But I did know that the sight of Janet's smile, the first smile she had given me in her four days of life, was perfect proof of the right of woman, and of man, to have children.

That smile, innocent and compelling, brought inspiration and courage to two people.

It awakened in us a sense of care, of duty. And its beauty was a beauty transcending the beauty of everything we had known.

My mother bore me when the Boer War was on. She saw me go to the Great War.

Now my daughter has been born in the first months of this war.

It is the law of Life that she should be born.

It is the law of Life that those born of women should know pain and sorrow. Yet the race must go on.

The ethics of having children in times of war present no new problem. To each generation is ordained its task. To all there comes a time of crisis or of trouble.

War is the worst evil that can befall mankind. It threatens the moral strength of the world, unleashes forces of terror and hatred.

There are other ills, mostly bred, or accentuated, by war, the burdens of unemployment, of depression, of misery, of hunger.

In the days when Britain saw the dawn of greatness as industrial leader of the world the land was full of injustice and oppression.

Little children laboured as slaves in the gloom and filth of factory and mill. But children continued to be born.

Generations afterwards, when man by constant struggle had established the right to a living wage, to hours of leisure and to certain basic decencies, the country still had its woes.

Wars came and went, leaving in their wake the pitiable story of want and suffering. The race continued, strong and lusty, growing ever more confident in the strength of right and freedom and justice.

To-day, when the very essence of our national life is threatened, the children born in the last war are in the vanguard of the grimmest struggle in history.

To them has been handed on the torch carried so bravely by their fathers. From them in years to come will the torch go to their children.

The fight for freedom, for peace, is unceasing.

It is a fight that all must wage, sons and daughters, mothers and fathers. We are all of Martha's breed. There is yet neither rest nor reprieve for us.

My daughter, for better or worse, is in this world.

She has brave eyes. What life has in store for her no one can tell.

I pray that should trials and tribulations come to her, she will face them with courage.

Perhaps she may blossom in years that are free from the fear of war and may with the meek inherit the earth.

No one can rob her of the love that is already hers. No one will rob her of the right to think clearly and with understanding.

Because of that she, and other war-time babies, may emerge into a saner world wherein right sits for ever on its throne, and the love of man is a constant flame in the heart of man.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

- **Millionaire "out of date"**
- **He has such odd ideas**
- **A Gentleman**

Open Letters

and Telegrams

NAZI MINISTER of JUSTICE: News that yet another German must serve four years' jail for listening to foreign radio makes me wonder how long you'll get when every German learns the truth.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. MORRISON, Minister of Food: Poole fishermen receive 2s. a bushel for sprats sold in near-by Bournemouth for 6d. a pound. Thought you were controlling food prices?—JOHN BULL.

HORE-BELISHA: Folly to grab another 15,000 men from the land next month. To exchange hoe for rifle weakens, not strengthens, national defence.—JOHN BULL.

Wing-Commander E. J. HODSOLL,
Inspector-General, A.R.P.

DEAR SIR,—Carry out a second clean-up of A.R.P.

You have already rid yourself of many £3-a-week scroungers whose ordinary employment was not affected by their duties as wardens. Now go after the "wanglers."

One A.R.P. driver tells me that he was instructed to load gravel and cement into an ambulance and take it to the superintendent's private house, to make a nice dug-out for the family!

Untrained firemen get promotion by backstairs influence. Telephonists are ordered to clean the windows of their superior's houses or chop wood for fires.

Auxiliary firemen are paid 10s. or £1 a week more than the regular men in a North Country town, whose other strange methods I have already reported.

These conditions, insulting sacrifices made by the majority of A.R.P. workers, are an imposition on the nation.

They demand your immediate attention.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. CHRISTIE,
Glyndebourne

DEAR MR. CHRISTIE,—Your ideas seem as out of date and fallacious as the dodo.

"Don't help the under-dog," you cry. "Don't help the unemployed or the unsuccessful. Help the successful people to be more successful."

Surely you ought to know that vast numbers of ordinary folk never have a chance to help themselves.

It is not their fault if trade shrinks and they lose their jobs. To condemn them to starvation would be a fault that we could not tolerate without shame.

It is easy to talk of making opportunities. I wonder what success you would achieve if you found yourself penniless, friendless, and worried to the point of distraction because your wife and children were short of food?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. L. HORE-BELISHA, M.P.,
Secretary for War

DEAR SIR,—"My son joined up seven weeks ago and has allotted me 14s. a week, yet I haven't had a penny. I owe six weeks' rent, the light has been cut off, and I have pawned all that was left to me by my dead husband. I'm nearly crazy; I can't go on any longer."

So writes Mrs. Darlington, of Birmingham, to me. Look into it, please!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. GOEBBELS,
History's Biggest Liar

HERR DOKTOR,—What, losing your nerve? Three whole weeks have passed without your megaphone trying to make our flesh creep with threats of an immediate *blitzkrieg*.

We miss these contributions to our entertainment. We're surprised that you haven't sunk the entire British Navy—once again—in revenge for the dishonourable end of the *Graf Spee*.

The bad temper of your English broadcasters reminds us too much of your ranting master and spoils our fun.—JOHN BULL.

Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUGH, M.P.,
Ministry of Health

DEAR MADAM,—The evacuation scheme still has as many absurdities as Alice found in Wonderland.

People who left their small children in the care of country relatives are refused billeting grants because the youngsters were not officially evacuated.

What do you suggest? Should they be brought home at the parents' expense, then sent back at public cost?—JOHN BULL.

The MANAGER,
Tewkesbury Employment Exchange

DEAR SIR,—Men in your position receive so many kicks that your kindness deserves publicity.

Nine men were ordered by telegram to report at their local exchange.

There they were sent to a non-existent job. Wading through ankle-deep mud, they started on the journey back home.

After walking miles through the rain, they applied at your office for assistance. You took them to a café, bought them coffee, telephoned again and again to their local exchange without getting any satisfaction, but after many hours succeeded in obtaining their fares from the firm to which they had been sent.

That is a fine example of regulations being tempered by humanity.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, M.P.,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—Busybodies want Women's Voluntary Patrols to "protect" girls against men in uniform; or protect young soldiers against girls.

Much of the rubbish being talked by these people is merely irritating; in places where patrols may be necessary, official women police should be appointed.

Unofficial nosey-parkers can be as great a danger as that which they try to combat.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. EVERYWOMAN

DEAR MADAM,—In the last war you did magnificent work in providing our troops with clothing. I remember how you stitched that thick khaki until your fingers were sore and knitted until your eyes ached.

The "lads" again want the so-called "comforts," which are absolute necessities in the cold and muddy Front Line, short-finger mittens, pullovers, socks, and oversocks for gumboots.

Get your knitting-needles into action again, please.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—Last week I bitterly criticised your refusing pensions to mothers whose sons were lost in *Royal Oak*. This week I give further instances of your Department's inhumanity.

No pension for the mother of a *Courageous* victim who allowed her 15s. a week. His father could do only light work.

A *Royal Oak* casualty had helped to support his father, an old age pensioner. No pension. One woman has lost her two young sons. No pension.

Do you wonder that the bereaved feel unjustly treated?—JOHN BULL.

WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT!

The DIRECTOR,
Army Post Office

DEAR SIR,—War inevitably brings out the pettiness of human nature. It's no surprise that parcels are being tampered with during transit to the B.E.F.

I trust you will take rigorous measures to trace the rogues who are stealing cigarettes from the soldiers' post.

This scandal had to be stopped in the last war. It must be ended promptly now.—JOHN BULL.

Sir DONALD FERGUSSON,
Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—We can't afford to have good food spoiled nowadays. Yet your Department coldly refuses the unpaid help of the president of the Institute of Micro-Biology, an expert on animal pests.

"It has not been the practice of the Ministry to utilise the services of outside persons or bodies," says one of your underlings.

Civil servants know everything, I presume.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.,
First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—You were delighted with the fishermen volunteering for the perilous job of mine-sweeping.

You will remember that the appeal gave them to understand that all their kit would be provided.

Instead, they have gone to sea in their ordinary clothes, without even seaboots.

One of your officials has blundered.

Rouse him!—JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Chelmsford Rural District Council

DEAR SIR,—"I'm not a nervous woman, but I want my baby safeguarded," one of your parishioners writes to me.

She lives near Chelmsford and, like so many other mothers, cannot get a respirator for her child.

Do you not realise that it's your duty to insist on adequate supplies, and to badger Whitehall until you get them?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,
Leader, L.C.C.

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—Congratulations on reverting to the normal committee system for the London County Council, thus ending the emergency system made necessary by the outbreak of war.

In being the first to hold full council meetings after the crisis, the L.C.C. again sets an example that all other authorities should copy.

There's a limit to the need for dictatorship, even to help democracy win a war against political dictators, and that need has now passed.—JOHN BULL.

He Gets the Wealth

"SECRETS of Wealth." Imagine the lure of that slogan in the best of times, and how much greater it is now so many households are searching for extra money.

Unfortunately, it is only the banner of a dubious home-work scheme advertised by P. Farrow, of 118, Devonshire Hill-lane, Tottenham, London, N. Another line says "500 Everyday Money Making Opportunities."

Literature sent to those who reply ends with a request for 2s. for the wonder book, and an alternative offer of instructions for making polishes. This costs 1s. 6d.

Assurance is given that various articles made at home in spare time can be sold at a good profit.

How can novice manufacturers hope to compete with firms already making these things on a mass scale?

Yet I am receiving more and more requests to know whether this or that variation of the delusion is genuine.

Promoters of the Star Knitwear Company, of Webbs-road, London, S.W., and the Melton Manufacturing Company, of Leicester, are particularly active.

Don't waste your money.

That's my advice.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Meet some "officers" of—

The Rogues' Regiment

CROOKS in officers' clothing are multiplying alarmingly. Since war started fifty persons have been convicted for falsely wearing the uniforms of the Forces.

Many did it out of vanity, but now the police are on the track of jailbirds who are using the masquerade for frauds.

Among the most active is a tall, smart-looking rogue posing as a "Major" and using many names, favourite of which seems to be "Carter." Pale, a neatly clipped moustache and aged about forty, he looks every inch a soldier in his well-fitting uniform.

Claiming to be surveying land for the War Office, he stays at the best hotels and fleeces people by every imaginable trick.

His real name appears as Metcalfe in police records, and in peace time he was considered a most plausible swindler.

Another man, posing as a "Captain" and using, among others, the alias of "Neals," is trying the same game.

He obtained his uniform on credit from a London store, and he has fooled tradesmen in different towns. His haul is already substantial. He is also obtaining money from people who believe his stories about the important work on which he is supposed to be engaged.

The difficulty in dealing with these cheats is that anyone may order an officer's uniform without producing any authority

It is so easy that in the first weeks of the war Francis Reginald Goode was able to pose as a colonel and defraud a number of banks about a fortnight after coming out of jail!

He forged letters supposed to have been written from the War Office and cheques drawn on the Bank of England.

I exposed him before he was arrested and sent back to jail for a long term.

Just as impudent was the exploit of Alfred Edward Thomas, who made himself a Royal Air Force squadron leader, and adorned his uniform with an imposing row of medal ribbons. Before being found out, he had wormed his way into an officers' mess in Staffordshire and made a speech at a guest night dinner!

Complaints received at Scotland Yard have established that a number of women criminals are also in uniforms to which they have no right.

One has been using the name of "Mildred Bellman."

She hoodwinked the people she defrauded by explaining that she was "attached to Buckingham Palace."

Don't go about suspecting everyone in uniform, but do take precautions before you part with money.

UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS

ARCHIBALD GREENSMITH, one of the most heartless scoundrels I have ever come across, is using war to cloak another of his ramps.

Behind the nameplate of the A.G. Alloys Company, of Marischal Road, London, S.E., he is trying to obtain salesmen for a National Service badge.

There is a proposition about liberal commission, but those swallowing the bait will probably find they will be expected to hand over a cash deposit to obtain the job. That has always been this rogue's racket in all the ventures he has floated.

It was the A.G. Tobacco Company, of the same address, the last time I exposed him. Then he had not long been out of jail. He has been there many times for mean frauds on men dazzled with offers of bogus jobs.

As I emphasised then, the A.G. Tobacco Company must not be confused with the long-established and reputable firm that makes "A.G." cigarette papers.

A tubby, cheerful little man in appearance, Greensmith has been lining his pockets in this way for about twenty years. Every time he chooses an imposing title for his supposed company.

He is not fit to be in any kind of business, and I warn anyone who may be interested to keep clear of him.

Now He's Where He Belongs

"LET Him Beat His Own Gold." Do you remember my warning, under this headline a few months ago, about Harry Woodward offering men £4 a week jobs in his gold beating factory at Bolton?

They had to invest from £30 to £70, and had to promise that they would not discuss the proposition with anyone.

I saved many men from throwing their money away. Some of them had been out of work a long time. They were sorely tempted to risk their savings or try to raise the money in some way.

Unfortunately scores fell into the net. This despicable cad robbed them of about £20,000.

Then he bolted.

When his identity was established, he turned out to be a jailbird who had been cheating people under various aliases by similar ramps since 1922.

Now Woodward is back in jail for four years' penal servitude.

Gerald, Aged 17, Owns a "Combine"

POOH BAH bang up to date seems to be the rôle chosen by 17-year-old Gerald P. Ellis, of Sussex Place, Slough, Buckinghamshire, who describes himself in his advertisements as President of The Union Advertising Company, Ltd.

That modest position merely leads the procession of his other concerns. They are The British Deanna Durbin Film Club, Ltd., Studio Warwick Inc., Associated British Clubs, Ltd., Union Broadcasting Corporation, Ltd., Ellis and Ellis (Motors), Ltd., Union Production (1936), Ltd., The Union Magazine Distributing Company, Ltd., Gerald Ellis (Builders), Ltd.

In case that is not sufficient the words "etc., etc.," are added!

Stupendous!

Not one of these firms exists legally.

They are not registered as business names or as companies.

Whether President Gerald is a potential danger or just a foolish youth, it is time his vain activities were stopped.

Not long ago many people who sent 3s. 6d. subscriptions to his Deanna Durbin Film Club received neither acknowledgment nor the picture of the film star they had been promised.

His mother explained to my representative that the club had been closed.

The Registrar of Companies had better take master Gerald in hand.

Public Benefactor

THIS week's guinea goes to Mr. J. Berger, of Sarum-road, Bow, London, E., for giving me exceedingly useful information.

A warning I was able to give after an investigation has been appreciated by many people.

Everyone can help.

Tell me at once of anything that you think needs investigating.

Mark envelopes: Public Benefactor.

IMPUDENT OFFER TO CLERGY

TOUTING for old gold from the pulpit is the superbly impudent idea of D. Orr, a dealer, of Hewitt-street, Manchester, who in a circular to clergymen says: "Appeal to your congregation to go through their drawers and pass on to you any old gold or silver articles."

People must put sentiment aside now, he urges, because the country needs all the gold and silver it can obtain.

Hard business strikes through this patriotic appeal with Mr. Orr's promise to purchase all the clergymen can collect. The proceeds may be used for their churches or other deserving objects.

If they prefer, they can act as intermediaries by sending this enterprising trader the names and addresses of any parishioners who would like to deal direct with him!

No doubt Mr. Orr is a perfectly reputable dealer, but I hope his cool cheek in trying to make the Church his bargain counter will meet with the rebuff it deserves.

The Widow and the P.M.G.

MRS. FLOCTON, of Amberton-street, Gipton Estate, Leeds, is a widow. Her husband was killed by a motor-car. In the ordinary way she would have been given compensation, but the car belonged to the Post Office.

Mrs. Flocton now finds herself in the long queue of people who have no remedy because the Postmaster-General is above the law to all practical purposes. He can only be sued by the costly procedure of obtaining the Attorney-General's fiat.

Her husband was a bricklayer's labourer. Until the accident, he and his wife and their three children, under the age of fifteen, lived comfortably.

Now the widow must struggle on with her young family as best she can. Appeals to the P.M.G. to assist her with even an *ex-gratia* payment have been futile.

A solicitor, doing all he could to help, received the final and definite refusal the other week.

When *will* Parliament end this utterly unpardonable scandal?

Did You Know You Were Panic-Stricken?

NAZI LIE FACTORY

Lord "Haw-Haw," No. 1 Funny Man of the Air, lets us know what the Germans are saying about us to the English-speaking world.

Neutral newspapers, often subsidised by Nazis, are jam-packed with the lies of Goebbels.

If these Nazi propaganda merchants have the audacity to tell such obvious lies when talking to the world, what can they say to their own people, who have no chance of checking

Their stories are more fantastic than you would imagine. They are revealed here by Willi Frischauer, famed international publicist.

GERMANS are convinced that we are being ruled by a ring of Jewish financiers. Their propaganda writers have told them so. They omitted to add that these "wicked barons of finance" have all been dead for quite a long time!

Their leader is Moses Montefiore, Lord Mayor of London, "wickedest of all the men now plotting to overthrow the German people." Don't be surprised if you have never heard of him. He died nearly a hundred years ago.

With him on this mythical board of anti-Nazi directors are Lord Rothschild, who died in 1866; Rufus Isaacs; Lord Reading, Viceroy of India; and Lord Melchett, formerly Sir Alfred Mond.

Not only are they all dead, but also Rufus Isaacs and Lord Reading are the same person. To the Nazis they are two other people.

"No British Government dare even risk offending these terrible, grasping Jews," says *Voelkischer Beobachter*, Hitler's Nazi party newspaper. "They are above criticism. The law is framed for these Israelites. They are all powerful, and we must free Britain and the peoples held in subjection by Britain from their yoke."

The limping doctor is very proud of the propaganda prepared for newspapers and radio by his British "specialist," Herr Hanns Fritsche, an unprincipled journalist who distorts famous phrases, re-writes history and even invents things for statesmen to say when he starts belabouring his people with lies.

MOST frequently he dips into Lord Byron and Bernard Shaw when he wants to convict "the British out of their own moutha." But he never quotes according to the text.

Herr Fritsche probably received a new size in Iron Crosses when he made his readers laugh by explaining that "the British are determined to fight to the last French soldier."

He has convinced his readers that Britain and France will soon fall out. They believe in his "wish-fulfilment" nonsense.

He repeats day after day in his radio programme to German listeners that German raiding parties have scoured the Western Front in vain for British soldiers.

After making this statement in a broadcast, he went on to say that French polius were grumbling about the British soldiers being given tea. He didn't think it necessary to explain how, if the French had never seen the British soldiers, they should know about their having tea.

He paints a pretty picture of Britain.

India is in revolt, South Africa is deciding on secession from the Empire, the United States is raving mad about the blockade.

"Inflation in Britain and the ultimate collapse of the British currency is now unavoidable," he said the other day, rolling up his sleeves, ready to paint another half-hour's word picture of the horrors with which we are surrounded.

He was troubled by the plight of British women and children.

They were starving, crushed by "the iron strangulation hold of the German blockade."

Even the seas around the British coast were patrolled by Nazi warships. We were merely waiting for the final act of liberation from our over-lords.

WE are dreadfully worried about our evacuated children.

They have formed themselves into bands of murderous young robbers, ranging the countryside with guns stolen from military camps, pillaging villages, even raiding towns.

We will soon have to bring home the troops from the Western Front to deal with these little devils.

"Rawther," agreed my Lord Haw-Haw.

"Then what can they expect," adds Herr Fritsche, "with that man Chamberlain plotting with Sir Winston Churchill to cheat the French, rob the army, and keep all supplies of coal, sugar, butter and meat for themselves.

"These two statesmen are selling the food they don't need at high prices to their Jewish masters, now afraid they will starve when the Atlantic becomes the base of the all-conquering German warships."

Yes, both of them!

"Ten thousand young Britishers have refused to fight us," cried this commander in the war-of-words when he came to the microphone for another onslaught. He went on to describe how our conscientious objectors were being tried, but failed to mention that a "conchie" is executed out of hand by the Nazis.

He claimed that in one week we had:

Confiscated all neutral ships and cargoes in an effort to get enough food to see us through Christmas;

Lost a British merchant ship through it striking one of our own mines;

Been snubbed by China when we demanded three million coolies;

Shot people who were going mad with panic when I.R.A. bombs kept exploding in telephone boxes in all the big cities;

Despaired of our A.R.P.;

And been driven into docile submission merely by the sight of Nazi bombers hovering over Scapa Flow, the Firth of Forth and the Thames Estuary.

Even if all this were enough, he thinks we are also deeply disturbed by the revolt against Army domination in Waziristan.

Yet all he has to say about the nefarious, hypocritical, lying, piratical, criminal English over-lords is a mere prologue when compared with the outpourings of the *Voelkischer Beobachter*, in which Hitler gets rid of his worst opinions of the Allies.

The injustices to Britain these days!

The dreadful tyrannies of that wicked man, Moses Montefiore, whose ruffianly crew is always intent on turning London into a gangster's haunt.

If the truth were known, apparently he caused the British Secret Service to arrange the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia in 1934.

OTHER crimes to the credit of that "mysterious, sinister secret police with which Britain upsets kingdoms and destroys dynasties that are working for world peace," include the murder of Premier Calinescu of Rumania, the Finnish attack on Soviet Russia, the beerhouse bomb attempt on the life of the Fuehrer, and the sabotaging of the victorious *Graf Spee* in Montevideo harbour by Uruguayan thugs.

That's the way we fight our naval battles.

Sabotage the ships we can't fight!

Don't they all wish what they said were true!

War Measures and You

By a Barrister M.P.

DEFENCE of the Realm Regulations give the Government wide powers over the rights of individuals. Premises may be searched without a warrant if it can be shown afterwards there was ground for believing that such search should be made without delay in the interests of public safety.

An authorised person, such as a policeman, may enter any premises and put up notices dealing with the war. It is a criminal offence to mutilate or remove them.

An authorised person, including a member of the Armed Forces, may arrest without a warrant any individual he thinks has committed an offence under the regulations.

An auxiliary fireman may break into premises where fire is suspected, or has begun, and take steps thought necessary to stop fire spreading, even to destroying adjoining property.

An air raid warden has no right of entry to enforce black-out restrictions. If forcible entry is necessary, he must call a policeman.

There is no prohibition of the right of public assembly, or against carrying on . dinary propaganda.

Chief constables and magistrates may prohibit meetings if they think disorder may result, or life be endangered.

Curfew Orders may be issued, making it an offence for inhabitants in any named area to be out of doors between stipulated hours.

Should a public meeting finish in a riot it is, probably, an offence to photograph what is going on without permission. It is an offence to take snapshots of troops marching, camps, aerodromes, buildings, aircraft wrecked by war action, reservoirs, electricity works and many other similar objects.

There is no general prohibition on freedom to move from one place to another, but all changes of address must be notified to the local National Registration Officer within seven days. **If a person dies, his Identity Card must be handed in.**

Men registered for call under the Military Service Act must also under penalty notify any change of address to the centre mentioned on the back of their Certificate of Registration.

A National Registration Officer has the right to see any person's Identity Card and this right extends to a policeman *in uniform*.

He'll Rule Your Larder

A frank pen-picture of W. S. Morrison, "Minister of Rations," by—

HANNEN SWAFFER

ONCE hailed as a "next Prime Minister," W. S. Morrison has soon become a nobody. They used to talk of Walter Elliot as being in the line of direct succession.

He, too, failed.

Anthony Eden was once the white-haired boy. He showed his weakness when, kicked out of the Cabinet, he did not tell the country frankly what it was all about.

So Sam Hoare, in spite of the Hoare-Laval fiasco, again leads in the running. Simon has fallen back a long way.

Morrison is an example of how kissing goes by flavour.

Because of the initials "W. S." friends christened him "Shakespeare," so that "Shakers" became his nickname.

He has become "Shakier" recently.

He started off with a first-rate war record.

He was wounded as a gunner in France and three times mentioned in despatches.

After becoming President of the Edinburgh University Union, he came to London, like many other Scotsmen, to make an easy living out of simple Sassenachs like myself, looked wise and silent, as Scotsmen can, and was soon on his way to Parliamentary promotion.

Three years ago, when he became Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, people said, "There's a future Prime Minister for you."

Certainly, he had qualities of heart and mind. But he soon proved that Front Bench politics was not his *métier*.

★

Like other Ministers of Agriculture, he failed to grow more food in peace time. He did worse. By a weird trick of Fate, he became Minister of Food. He had to organise the food he had not grown.

One of the strangest foolishnesses of British life is how we urge people to start allotment gardens in war time, yet take the garden away from them as soon as war is over.

In a few years we have to start them all over again.

As Minister of Agriculture, Morrison pleased nobody.

He angered farmers. I will not repeat what the farm workers said of him.

He did not satisfy even Back Bench Tories.

So he became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which is nothing. You draw a salary. No one has yet discovered what else you do.

Becoming Minister of Food when war started, Morrison muddled rationing.

At first he would not have it.

"I am very sincerely convinced of the need for the early introduction of rationing," insisted A. V. Alexander, who knows more about food supplies than any other man in the country.

Morrison weakened.

Now rationing will start in the New Year instead of immediately the war began. This would have ensured that the poor, as well as the rich, got their fair share of everything.

Morrison had a great scheme for pooling tea. That meant that you put all kinds of tea into some big bowl, stirred it up, and sold it at the same price!

"Why cannot invalids have China tea?" Brigadier-General Spears, M.P., asked. "I drink it. Some people cannot drink anything else."

Burlesquing the idea, General Spears suggested that it was like pooling wine, mixing port and sherry and hock, and throwing in a dash of crème de menthe.

Morrison abandoned soon his great idea.

★

He started a system of controlling fish, but this was scrapped after it had nearly ruined the fishing industry.

He told the country there was no fear of a food shortage in September.

Three months later it was announced that only half the normal supply of imported meat was available.

Yet Morrison removed the control from English meat.

He does not look like a success to me. Even in the Duchy of Lancaster's "cushy" job he once spent two hours trying to plead with the Commons to accept proposals that were supposed to protect men called for military training.

Oh, the heckling!

Morrison didn't know the answers. His colleagues tried in vain to prompt him.

Still, he ought to have been used to it.

When Minister of Agriculture there were protest meetings against him, meetings organised by farmers all over the country.

"During the time Mr. Morrison has been Minister of Agriculture," complained Devon farmers, a year ago, "ten thousand people have left the land. He should have the decency to resign."

Suffolk farmers demanded his resignation.

Oxford farmers did the same. He was heckled for two hours by 3,000 indignant agriculturists at Lincoln.

Slow to show their anger, even though they like to grumble, farmers were relentless in pursuing "W. S."

They described him sitting in the House "amid the ruins of his Milk Bill."

After that, you can't blame Morrison for resenting criticism.

It is difficult, too, to face your critics when they point out that you voted for a duty on meat when a private Member of the House yet opposed a duty on meat when you became a powerful Minister.

★

Still, they say he's a first-class lawyer.

While there is still considerable confidence in the War Cabinet, for Chamberlain's stock still stands high, the rumblings are heard.

Major-General Swinton, broadcasting the other night, said most unexpectedly:

"We are fighting for our lives. The red light is at danger."

To the surprise of millions of listeners who knew nothing, he indicted waste and overlapping.

"Once we realise that we are at war, we are bound to win," he said, "but apparently not till then."

The Government's weaknesses are all in these minor Ministers.

There is scarcely one of them who is any good.

It is true to say that there are not more than one or two whose names the country knows.

Neville Chamberlain, a very loyal sort of man, is too tolerant of the incompetence in his own Government.

That was Asquith's fault.

As a human quality, it is good. As a war-winner, it is a grave weakness.

"We are fighting a ruthless enemy. We cannot defeat him except by utilising the united power of the nation, of which this R.A.F. bomber is symbolic"

HERE'S A Happy New Year to all our readers. It can be happy through service, but there is no occasion for celebration and no shadow of excuse for "making whoopee."

Indeed, "the Sober Forties" are upon us, not the Roaring ones.

Forty is a critical age. Many a man wins or loses the battle of life at that turning point in his career, and many a woman is brought face to face with harsh realities.

Nineteen-forty is the critical age of civilisation as we know it. It must prove a year of destiny for all the world.

It finds this country engaged in a life and death struggle. Literally that. How many of us realise it?

In a recent broadcast Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton said:—

"Our enemy is ruthless. We are fighting a war machine of 88,000,000 people.

"If we are to beat them, we have got to take things more seriously. We are fighting for our lives. We have got to put our house in order."

He spoke the truth. His warning was justified. Millions of us do not yet seem to understand that, whether we are in or out of uniform, there is hard work to be done by all and sacrifices to be faced.

THIS is the special season for making good resolutions. Here are some that should be made now by ordinary men and women who love their country.

1.—WE *MUST* PREPARE IN OUR OWN MINDS—JUST AS THE GOVERNMENT IS PREPARING—FOR A LONG WAR.

Perhaps it will not be a long one, but it is sheer folly to expect an early victory. There has been far too much "wishful thinking" in the Press and among the public.

We ourselves have sometimes fallen into

LET US RESOLVE . . .

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

by The Editor.

the common error. We know there is internal dissension among the Nazis, and we are tempted to look too soon for the "crack" that will ultimately bring the whole fabric of Hitlerism to ruin.

MEANWHILE, it is madness to take things easy in the hope that the enemy will beat himself. It is the kind of madness which all his propaganda seeks to foster.

2.—BEING PREPARED FOR A LONG WAR, WE'VE GOT TO SEE IT THROUGH WITH CHEERFUL TENACITY.

On January 8 the first official rationing scheme begins. Early in the Spring there will be further and more general rationing.

The Government will take over the whole of the country's meat supplies, and later we must expect a general rationing system of all important foods.

There has been too much muddle about this necessary and serious precaution. We do not congratulate Mr. W. S. Morrison, the Minister of Food, upon his frequent delays and changes of mind.

But rationing had to come. There is no other fair way to ensure an equal distribution to rich and poor alike.

Our duty is to be economical now, and we must abide strictly by the rules as and when they are applied. There must be no "wangling." Greed is treachery to one's neighbour and to the State.

3.—WE'VE GOT TO DIG. WE'VE GOT TO EMPLOY THE IDLE LAND.

We are not short of food, but we do not grow enough at home. The Minister of Agriculture has promised in this coming year to put another two million acres into cultivation.

We must help him to double and more than double that acreage. We must use our gardens. We need to grow vegetables where now there is nothing but lawns.

We shall have to work hard on our allotments, or, having no land at all to use for ourselves, we ought, if possible, to lend our neighbours a helping hand.

Digging is grand exercise in any case, and vegetable gardening is an interesting hobby and profitable even in time of peace. Now it is more than a hobby; it is a national duty.

4.—WE MUST ALL RESOLVE TO GO SOBERLY INTO THE SOBER FORTIES. MODERATION IN ALL THINGS MUST BE OUR WATCHWORD.

This war is already costing us six million pounds a day. It may cost us double that before it is finished.

Prices have risen a good deal. They are likely to rise still further. Extravagance on luxury purchases will accelerate the rise; moderation will check it.

Buy British whenever you can. The less the country imports for us, the better it can afford to pay for war supplies.

5.—WE MUST MAKE UP OUR MINDS TO SAVE MONEY AND TO LEND IT TO THE GOVERNMENT.

This is going to be easy for some of us; difficult for others; and impossible only for a minority.

Hundreds of thousands of workers are actually earning more—in some cases much more—than they were before the war. Allowing for the slight rise in prices, they are still undoubtedly better off.

Let them be thankful for their good luck and make the best use of it!

We remember in the last war how easily "easy money" went to the heads of "lucky" workers. They bought pianos that they couldn't play; they "did themselves well"; they flung their money about.

In the piping days of peace they were suddenly and painfully "broke" again.

NOT all of them, though. There were many men and women who had the sense to save what they didn't need to spend. By helping their country, they helped themselves.

They found their own security in the nation's "securities."

Remember that, and let your motto be "Safety First."

Some of us are worse off than we were. Taxation is much higher, and the buff envelopes from the Inland Revenue will come as a shock to millions this month.

But, even so, we must try to pay and like it! And try to save a little, too. It is going to cost a lot to win the war, but it would be ruinous to lose it.

6.—IF WE MEAN TO WIN THIS WAR, WE SHALL HAVE TO WORK HARD. WE MUST RESOLVE, EVERY ONE OF US, TO CARRY ON WITH OUR NORMAL DUTIES CALMLY AND WITHOUT GRUMBLING.

WE'VE GOT TO SPEED UP IN EVERY WAY. WE DARE NOT SLACK!

We must not give way to nerves. The "nerve war" is part of the enemy's general strategy. He wants to get us "rattled."

It is weakness either to repeat rumours or even to listen to them. We can't kill Hitler with our mouths any more than we could kill poor old Oom Paul.

REMEMBER that idle chatter can be dangerous. "The very walls have ears"—so give them nothing foolish to listen to.

7.—WE MUST "STAY THE COURSE." WE MUST NEVER GROW WEARY IN WELL DOING.

On the home front the men and women of the auxiliary services, both paid and unpaid, have been severely tested by inactivity.

They were prepared for dangerous and difficult service It has been hard for them to mark time all these months.

But they've got to carry on, and so have we! We must not assume that the trials for which we prepared in fortitude last September are no longer to be feared.

It is a sad fact that tens of thousands of women and children, evacuated into safety zones at the beginning of the war, have been and are still returning to dangerous areas.

Husbands and fathers, in particular, must exercise patience and courage and self-denial. It is not kindness, but selfish weakness, to let the children come back to the big towns.

8.—THERE ARE MANY OTHER GOOD RESOLUTIONS WHICH OUGHT TO BE TAKEN THIS NEW YEAR. MAKE THEM OF CONCRETE, NOT OF PIECRUST, FOR THEY ALL FORM PART OF THE ONE ESSENTIAL RESOLVE—TO WIN THE WAR.

Every one of us will have to make that resolve strictly personal. We must do our own individual duty to the utmost of our strength, uncomplainingly and loyally.

We are fighting against a strong and ruthless enemy.

We cannot defeat him except by our maximum and united strength.

IT'S UP TO YOU!

Short Story by WILL SCOTT

WEEP AND YOU LAUGH ALONE

"It's a funny world," he said; "laugh and the world laughs with you, but they won't pay you anything for that"

IF it wasn't old Wilks! Of all people in the wide, wide world, bright and breezy old Wilks!

The cheeriest soul you could hope to meet in a year's march. The life and soul of every party. The great big ray of sunshine. The ace of all the optimists.

And there was I, lunching alone in the "Bird in Hand."

He turned and saw me. A broad grin spread over his face. With hand outstretched he came across. Alone, I'd been getting the blues. Now I bounced.

"Why, hallo!" he cried. "This is great! This is fine! Fancy running into you!"

He slapped me on the shoulder. He pump-handled my arm up and down.

"On your own?" He pointed to the vacant seat beside me.

"I am," I answered.

So he sat beside me and scattered two or three merry jokes and laughed very loud and rubbed his hands and declared that everything in the garden was lovely.

You'd only to look round to see the effect he was having on everybody in the grill-room of the "Bird in Hand." Everybody's day had been brightened by the mere fact of Wilks' entrance.

"AND what," I asked, "are *you* doing *here*?"

"Up for the day, old man," Wilks replied. "Looking round. Seeing the sights."

He must have seen I looked puzzled. He added at once:

"Of course, you wouldn't know. I've left London since the war. I've got a little bungalow down at Mallinge. Having a great time. Simple life."

'Retired?" said I.

"In a way," said Wilks. "Of course the war knocked the end out of the business, and I thought I'd better get out before the ship sank."

"Having made your pile!" I hinted. "I always said that would happen."

"Oh no," said Wilks. "Anything but. Anything but, I assure you, old man."

"But there can't be much of an opening in your line at Mallinge," said I.

"Oh no," said Wilks once again. "Anything but. Anything but, I assure you, old man."

I was more puzzled than ever. Business smashed, apparently no work; and yet he didn't appear to be living on air.

However, no sighing and moaning about old Wilks. No gloomy details. He never was the man for that kind of nonsense. The place for your troubles was behind your back. Spilt milk? Forget about it, as soon as you can.

Wilks looked always into the future, and, whatever you might think about it, to Wilks the future was always rosy.

HE slapped me on the back again, trotted out half a dozen more yarns—at which he was the first to laugh, praised the place, praised the food, looked on the bright side just as he'd always done.

It was a treat to be with him again. Just what the doctor ordered.

"Ever get a week-end off?" he wanted to know.

"Oh yes," said I. "It can be worked. Even in these times, you know."

"What about next week-end?" he said. "With me, down at Mallinge? Promise you a darn good time, old man. War or no war. Plenty to laugh at."

And *did* I jump at it?

✧

So that Saturday afternoon saw me down at Mallinge with old Wilks and his family, being proudly shown over his little bungalow and his little garden with all the gusto in the world.

To tell the truth, it was a very commonplace little bungalow and a most usual kind of garden, but old Wilks' incurable optimism and his life-long habit of seeing the best in everything had turned (for him) the one into a palace and the other into a park.

I have never had the philosophy which sees only the silver lining and never the cloud, but I have always envied the people with that outlook, and I envied old Wilks now.

Not that I saw much cloud about his little place at Mallinge. He kept, as they say, a good table, and was evidently doing himself pretty well.

FOR a man with no work to do (or so he had led me to believe), and one, moreover, whose business had been knocked to bits by the war, he didn't seem to be having too bad a time.

Half an hour or so before tea he asked to be excused for a few minutes, as he had a letter or two to write and wanted to catch the afternoon post. And as Mrs. Wilks was busy preparing the meal I was left to my own devices.

I wandered down the garden and through into the lane in which old Wilks' bungalow stood, and having nothing to do I wandered along the lane, for about a couple of hundred yards.

And then I stopped!

I was really looking at a pub., but I had the impression I was looking at a Christmas card.

It had white walls and criss-cross leaded windows, a deep honey-coloured thatch and green doors and shutters. Trimmed shrubs in green tubs stood about aside, and green benches and tables.

And the sign over the door said: THE OLD WOOLLY LAMB.

"Lucky old Wilks," I thought, "living practically next door to what you might call the pub. of your dreams!"

It was perfect!

I don't think I have ever seen a more beautiful tavern in the length and breadth of England, and there isn't a county I don't know.

"Well," I remember saying, half aloud, "one thing is settled. This is where old Wilks and I come to have a couple this evening!"

That shows how much I knew.

✧

After the six o'clock news, old Wilks, enthusiastic as ever, suggested a leg-stretching campaign, to which I agreed like a shot. So we put on our overcoats and hats and toddled along.

"I came along here before tea," I told him.

"Lovely old lane," said old Wilks, thumping me on the back. "Lovely old everything, for that matter. Good old world!"

Well, I had my own ideas about that, but I said nothing. And when we came to the "Old Woolly Lamb" I stopped.

"I think this is one of the prettiest . . ." I began. But he slipped his arm through mine and drew me away.

"Not here," said he. "No, not here. Somewhere else. We'll keep on a bit."

I was amazed. Keep on a bit? Give the go-by to this paradise of pubs?

"BUT it's one of the . . ."

"I know," said Wilks. "But there's another pub at the top of the hill. We'll go there."

And there we went, cold and unattractive though it looked. At the door old Wilks stopped and amazed me more than ever.

"I'd better warn you," he said. "You're going to get a shock. Promise me one thing, old man. Don't let anybody *see* you've had a shock. Pipe down."

And, completely mystified, I followed my old friend into the pub.

I got more than one shock. I got several, and the first two right away.

There were about a dozen men in the pub. They were talking, but they fell silent as we entered. I thought I saw the landlord turn pale, and two of the customers got up abruptly and went out.

"Two pints," said old Wilks—and I was astonished to hear him let out an enormous sigh.

I looked at him and he had a face as long as a fiddle.

"Colder," he said.

Nobody spoke.

"I wonder," he said, with another deep sigh, "how many people will die of exposure to cold to-night."

Somebody grunted and I saw the landlord's frown deepen.

"It's a depressing world," Wilks remarked.

Still nobody spoke.

"*And* gets more depressing!"

I heard somebody swear.

"War news not too good," old Wilks proceeded, shaking his head. "And it's going to get a great deal worse before it gets better. Three years? More like ten."

He looked gloomily round the room.

"I wonder how many of us will survive to see the end of it?"

Two more men got up and went out quickly, and the landlord's pale face began to turn pink.

Old Wilks, to my utter astonishment, let out a third sigh and opened the flood-gates. I had never listened to anything so depressing.

The world was going to pot. Nobody's business would be worth a curse in eighteen months' time. The weather was all wrong. Next year's crops would be worth nothing. Old So-and-so was dead. And So-and-so.

And So-and-so. And So-and-so wasn't expected to live till morning. And there was famine in China. And this queer new disease in South America.

"That will probably wipe out humanity," said Wilks.

It was deplorable. At the end of half an hour the landlord, Wilks and I were the only ones left in the pub. The others had sheered off, and who could blame them?

By now the landlord was bright red.

"Ever tried looking on the bright side?" he asked.

"WHAT, in these times?" said Wilks.

"I'll be frank with you," said the landlord. "You're too depressing to know. You've been coming here for six weeks and you're driving all my trade away. When you come in the others go out. I'd rather not have your custom. Is that plain?"

"In what is still a free country," said Wilks, "you can't refuse to serve me because of my opinions."

"I'll put it another way," said the landlord. "I'll pay you five bob a week to stop away."

"Do you mean it?" said Wilks.

"I do," said the landlord.

"Done," said Wilks. And he took his first five bob and went out.

"Come," he said, "we'll go back home. "I've plenty of bottles in."

"What about the 'Old Woolly Lamb'?" said I.

"No," said Wilks. "They pay me seven-and-six a week not to go there. And five bob at the 'Dolphin,' and ten bob at the 'Honey Pot,' and five bob . . ."

He broke off.

"There's the 'White Rose' and the 'Unicorn' and the 'Ship.' But they're right at the other end of the town. I haven't started to work them yet. We'll go home."

We went home, and he said:

"It's a funny world. Laugh and the world laughs with you. But they won't pay you anything for *that!*"

Still he laughed for the rest of the evening. Couldn't stop.

Voice of the People

- Quick Work by Army P.O.
- "Snip" Jobs for Footballers
- "Tax" the non-fighting men
- Magnetic Mines in Last War

DON'T know whether I shall be the first to pay a compliment to the Army Post Office, but this envelope proves that a letter posted to me by my husband in the Army in France on the afternoon of Friday reached me the next Monday morning.

Less than three days to Northern Ireland is good work!—Mrs. Frances Gibbons, Hillcrest, Strabane, Co. Tyrone, Ulster.

He's All Right

SINCE my husband was sent to France I have spent many hours wondering whether he was happy.

In publishing a picture of soldiers in France welcoming the mail from home, JOHN BULL has set my mind at rest.

He was in the middle of the group, looking very fit and happy. Thank you, JOHN BULL.—Mrs. A. C. Gray, 683, Queslett Road, Great Barr, Birmingham.

NEXT LETTER WE OPENED, FROM MR. A. JAMES, PAUL STREET, COTHAM, BRISTOL, CONTAINED A LETTER FROM FRANCE DESCRIBING HOW A MONTH-OLD COPY OF "JOHN BULL" WAS FOUND ON A CAPTURED GERMAN PRISONER.

TEN men raised their glasses in the Park Royal Hotel, Acton, London, W. "Here's to the 150,000 of us!" said one.

I asked where the other 150,000 were. One of them pointed to the giant Guinness brewery opposite and explained that with other workers they had just finished the task of packing the 150,000 bottles of stout that Messrs. Guinness had sent as a Christmas gift to troops in France.

Their work finished, they "wanted to be in" on the great Christmas party. Ex-Servicemen all, they planked down their money and toasted their 150,000 absent comrades.—M. F., Queen's Drive, Acton, 3.

NOW TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF THOSE 150,000 BOTTLES. "MY GOODNESS, MY GUINNESS!"

Another Hero!

READING JOHN BULL'S commendation of Police Constable Bishop Laggett, of Vine Street, for his brave act in throwing a bomb into Hyde Park, prompts us to draw attention to a brave man of our own Force.

Police Constable Kenneth Rawlins, of this Force, has twice picked up I.R.A. bombs and made them harmless. Had he not done so, there would have been explosions equally as bad as our Broadgate tragedy.

We are proud of Rawlins.—From some of his colleagues of Coventry City Police.

In a Safe Job

AS a post office worker I was interested in the reader's letter describing how strangers could wander about among mailbags unchallenged. It is true.

All the same, post office engineers go into big commercial houses unchallenged and find money or valuables are left unattended.

Three weeks ago I worked for half an hour near the wide-open door of a bank's safe with nobody watching me!—M. R., Swindon.

POST OFFICE ENGINEERS CARRY IDENTITY CARDS.

"England" is Poetry

MANY patriotic songs use the word England instead of Britain because England is a more musical and vocal word than Britain.

Any experienced singer will testify to that.

This is why poets and song-writers almost invariably prefer it.—Dr. H. C. L. Stocks, Organist of St. Asaph Cathedral.

How Rumours Start

I HAVE just discovered how rumours are born. Showing my cat's latest family to an old lady, I said laughingly, "What a good thing they weren't born in Germany. They might be used to support General Goering."

A few days later someone told me that he had heard from someone else that she had received a letter smuggled out of Germany stating, "Even our cats are being stolen to make into pies."

I traced the rumour back.

I found it originated in my own feeble joke to a rather deaf old lady.—G. Green, Windsor Road, Boscombe, Hants.

"Snips" of Jobs

BOXERS and professional footballers seem to be given "snips" of jobs to keep them well away from the fighting line.

After the shortest of short courses they blossom out as fully-fledged sergeant instructors with no other qualifications than being able to do a bit of "P.T."

The war is only of three months' duration, yet already 100 footballers have been given the rank of sergeant. It shows that one of the unfairest features of the last war is being perpetrated.—Ex-Sergeant A. E. Perriman, ex-sergeant, 1914-1918, Curzon Road, Muswell Hill, N.10.

MANY FOOTBALLERS HAVE RECENTLY BEEN FOUND JOBS IN MUNITION AND SIMILAR FACTORIES SO THAT THEIR WARTIME FOOTBALL SERVICES WILL BE AVAILABLE FOR LOCAL CLUBS, WHICH IS EVEN MORE UNFAIR.

Magnetic Mines—1918

AT the end of the last war, *Venturous*, with the 20th Flotilla, laid a batch of magnetic mines—but not in the path of merchant shipping.

I was there.

Lords of the Admiralty must have been asleep for 20 years if they think magnetic mines are a recent invention.—W. J. Merchant, Combe Raleigh, Honiton, Devon.

ADMIRALTY HAS KNOWN PRINCIPLE OF MAGNETIC MINES FOR FORTY YEARS. THE UNSCRUPULOUS USE OF THEM IS NEW.

Not Worth Shot

TO counteract the piffle broadcast by Lord "Haw-Haw" about our colonial blunders, why not publish denials from coloured British subjects overseas?

Let *them* tell the world, through the radio, that Germany is lying.—A. L. H., Westerton, Scotland.

THIS HAS BEEN CONSIDERED. OFFICIAL VIEW IS THAT THIS FORM OF ANTI-BRITISH PROPAGANDA HARMS GERMANY MORE THAN OURSELVES.

Exemption Tax

NOBODY can deny that a man never called on to fight for his country, either for reasons of health or because he belongs to a reserved occupation, is better off financially than the man in uniform.

Why not an exemption tax for all men of military age who didn't serve in the Great War or this war?

Proceeds should help to pay for the war.

In any case, this would be a small help in ironing out a financial disparity that nobody likes?—A. J. Slowe, 37, Lowerhouse Lane, Burnley.

X9 Gives Trouble

TRULY the ways of Burgin's blundering bureaucrats are past curing. Responding to the appeal for binoculars for troops, I offered the Ministry of Supply a brand new binocular by an eminent British maker.

Because the magnification is X 9 instead of X 8, my offer has been declined. The bigger magnification might tell us too much about the enemy's movements.—Ernest Moore, 191, Cavehill Road, Belfast, N. Ireland.

X 9 MEANS GLASSES WILL MAGNIFY NINE TIMES—X 8, EIGHT TIMES.

Rubble

NOT many months ago a friend of mine was rejoicing because his house had been redecorated outside and in.

The other day it was pulled down because the land was wanted for a munition factory.

They put a huge steel hawser round it and pulled it into a big heap of rubble. Nothing was removed, not even the bath or the fireplaces.

Yet they say there is no Government waste.—Miss L. Lucas, The Avershams, Flaxton, York.

Conchies?

AN ex-Serviceman, I still think that where a man applies for exemption as a conscientious objector and fails, his name should not be publicly announced, much less printed.

Remember, he will be posted to a military unit, where a few thoughtless people might point a finger of scorn.

It might prevent him holding that highest rank to be found in any army—the rank of Comrade, a rank that decent men bestow regardless of personal views.—J. Agnew, ex-29th Division, 69, Shakespeare Street, Dumfries.

WELL WORTH OFFICIAL CONSIDERATION.

Solved the Problem

FOUR Manchester mothers, evacuated with their families, have come to an ideal arrangement. They have taken a cottage in the Derbyshire village to which they were sent for safety.

Each week, two of them go to Manchester to keep the husband supplied with meals while the other two remain to look after the children.

There might be a solution for many people's evacuation problems in this simple arrangement.—E. L. Draper, 190, Wilmslow Road, Withington, Manchester.

● *This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. *for each letter published and an extra* 10s. 6d. *if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.*

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"Greatest of These . ."

POVERTY-LINE budgets make heart-breaking reading, yet many persons would never know how the "other half lives" if the unblushing figures were not produced to demonstrate their difficulties.

Mrs. E. Sherman's budget will be a revelation.

Her family appeals for your help

Widow of an ex-Serviceman, she has three children and a pension of 15s. a week.

Her elder daughter, now seventeen, earns 17s. a week on short time. Her younger daughter, sixteen years of age, cannot work. She is subject to fits. The other child is a boy of ten.

The income of this family is 32s. a week. Rent, instalments on furniture and insurance take 17s. 2d. a week.

This struggling widow might even make shift to maintain her family on so little. But she felt defeated by circumstances when told that all her teeth must be extracted. She is not an insured worker.

She suffers from chronic bronchitis.

Surely this is an instance of deserving need which must arouse your sympathy.

Help Mrs. Sherman, please.

She needs encouragement in her lonely battle against ill-health and poverty.

Donations should be sent to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and a copy of the current week's subscriptions will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny is devoted to the Fund.

HUMANIST *asked his readers to help him with some of the human problems with which he has to deal each week, and he now quotes from their numerous letters of advice*

How to Fight FEAR

WHEN I invited readers to pass opinions on four human problems, I never thought the response would be so overwhelming.

Replies came in hundreds!

I spent hours reading them, and now I want to summarise my impressions.

Most persons devoted their advice to the man who confessed that fear of death had made his life a nightmare since he was a youth.

It seems that many people have had the same fears and they found the strangest remedies, including:—

Religious faith, spiritualism, Swedish drill, deep breathing, relaxation exercises, Coué-ism, psycho-analysis, dieting, hypnotism, auto-suggestion, work for others, jolly companionship, Christian Science, grim determination.

Some readers believe the victim should fight against his fears. They exhort him to keep up his chin, pull up his socks, summon his courage, fortify his will-power, and shout defiance at the enemy!

Others say this can't be done.

The man is mentally ill and should not attempt to fight his fears.

INSTEAD, he should appeal to a good psychologist, who would get to the root of the fears.

"Men fear death as children fear the dark," wrote Lord Bacon. "And as one is increased by tales, so is the other."

It is natural for young people to fear death, but the fear should diminish when we pass the prime of life and learn to accept the inevitable.

When young I was terrified Sunday after Sunday by fearsome sermons about the Day of Judgment and the torments of hell. I was depressed by such hymns as:—

A few more suns shall set
On these cold hills of Time . . .

These words, sung to a melancholy tune, were like a cold shadow cast over a young life. Fortunately that kind of preaching is rarely heard to-day.

Right now there is room for me to quote from only four of the letters I have received in answer to my appeal, but others will appear later.

"I have often wondered whether you realise how much your page is read, and in what odd places," writes an examiner. "I have read it many times down in the bowels of the earth.

"I can sympathise with the reader who is afraid.

"I am a married man with a happy home and two children, but I have contracted that dreadful disease silicosis, and I don't know what awaits me.

"*Yet it is easier to face death than to have death facing you.*

"I saw my brother die by inches at the age of thirty-five.

"What is the best method of dealing with this fear? To me there is but the power of prayer, and the consolation of the words: 'Lo, I am with you always.'"

The power of religious faith is recommended by half my readers, and I agree that faith in Divine Providence should be a panacea for all fears.

Yet I cannot help remarking, at the risk of offending, that some of the most ardent Christians are as terrified of the thought of death as are people who have no faith.

I have discussed this more than once with clergymen and most of them admit it. I believe it is a legacy from the fears implanted in childhood.

"The man who is afraid should take himself in hand," says another reader. "He should stop acting like a fool.

"The life he is now leading is much worse than the thing he fears. He should begin to live. Let him try to do little helpful things for other people.

"He will then have less time to think about himself.

"He should make up his mind never to look into the mirror until he is certain of seeing a cheerful face smiling back at him.

"Let him adopt a fighting attitude, and he will win through.

"I can say these things because at eighteen I suffered a nervous breakdown that lasted for eight years.

"I was given only twelve months to live.

"That was twenty years ago, and I am still plodding along and enjoying everything I do."

THIS man believes that strong determination can conquer fear, but another reader tells a different story.

"I am now in my seventy-first year and all my life I have had dismal forebodings," he says. "The terror of losing my job was always with me. I was afraid of getting the sack.

"Yet I was promoted three times and remained with my firm for forty-six years until I retired.

"My fears were all silly.

"I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown at the age of fifty, simply because I was asking for it.

"My doctor told me to keep on working. I was a church and social worker, and he told me not to give it up, but to undertake more to get me away from brooding about myself.

"I became too busy to think about my troubles.

"Your correspondent should remember that he can become a nuisance not only to himself, but also to others, including those he loves best. Let him remember, too, that the fear of ill exceeds the ill of fear."

YET another friendly soul says the suffering of the man who is afraid should not be treated lightly. To him it is very real.

"He should try to appreciate more clearly what death means," adds this philosopher. "The popular conception is of something grim and terrifying, but rightly viewed it is not a bit like that.

"Apart from the pain and sickness that often accompany it, death itself is kindly. It packs up our troubles in the old kit-bag of life, and we go to where there are none.

"When we realise this, death does not only lose its terror, but also it ceases to be an enemy. We can enjoy the good things of life, and the sorrows and misfortunes that come to all of us can be met with fortitude."

These letters are interesting as evidences of different points of view. They are chosen because the writers have thought about the subject, and have something to say worth hearing.

I don't agree with all of them, but there are bound to be differences of opinion.

It is the same with the other problems.

There have been letters on both sides about the conscientious objector and about the problem of the man whose wife is evacuated, but on the last subject (whether a young soldier on leave should hurry away from his home to be with his girl), opinion was almost unanimous.

The mother who wanted to keep the boy with her instead of letting him go out with his sweetheart was severely rebuked by everybody.

She would be most hurt if she could read them.

And now that we have come to the end of another year, I should like to thank readers for their kindly letters of appreciation.

Also, for many letters of good wishes.

This week we should all be looking back over the year that is nearly done, taking stock, as it were, and making plans for 1940.

It will not be an easy year.

Promising schemes will be brought to nothing. We shall all be poorer, and we shall need all our courage to keep cheerful.

Despite everything that seems to have gone wrong in a crazy world, I wish readers a happier New Year than they dare expect.

HUMANIST devotes this page each week to helping those readers who find life's perplexities too much for them. He will help you with your problems. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. He pays a guinea for each letter from which he quotes.

In these Nerve-wearing days—
you must get the
Right Kind
of Sleep

WIDE experience proves that 'Ovaltine' has special properties which ensure sound, restorative sleep—sleep which rebuilds worn nerves, refreshes the tired body and re-creates energy and vitality for the coming day.

The outstanding nerve-building properties of 'Ovaltine' are largely derived from the new-laid eggs liberally used in its manufacture. Remember, the eggs contained in 'Ovaltine' make it the complete tonic food. For these reasons, make delicious 'Ovaltine' your constant stand-by.

Remember that
Ovaltine Sleep *is*
Nerve-restoring Sleep

P503A.

Just a Human Story

This letter has reached "John Bull" from an Army officer whose name we cannot divulge. We have made sure it is authentic.

We publish it as a message of hope for people who feel the New Year can promise them little or nothing.

WHEN I was a young man in 1915, I decided to cross from Canada for no other reason than to see my parents.

The easiest way was for me to join the Army. I saw my parents all right, and soon found myself in France earning a shilling a day.

July, 1916, saw the start of the Battle of the Somme.

I was in it.

They gave me my commission on the field. For bravery, they said.

I only know that I was very proud.

Soon I was in a hospital train bound for England.

I spent nine years in hospitals. I cannot tell what I suffered. In pain and desperation I twice tried to commit suicide.

I was a poor, broken fellow to whom the future promised less than nothing.

I was released from hospital for a time and then the old trouble began again.

Back again I went.

Once more I was released from hospital.

Was it to go through the cycle all over again?

Now I felt health and strength returning, and with them returned hope.

Munich a failure, men were wanted who were willing to help their country in time of need. I was willing.

What would the doctor say?

I was accepted.

I felt this was rebirth. Within a few days of war breaking out, I received my commission.

To-day I am a lieutenant.

And I have serving under me the finest bunch of men you could want.

One day, maybe, I can tell them this story as a friend, just in case they ever need to know that life isn't necessarily finished when it most seems like it.

MY FRUIT MAKES WAR'FARE' DELICIOUS

SAYS *Master Okay* —*the Saucy Boy.*

It's amazing how delicious and appetizing even the dullest meals become when brightened with the rich fruity flavour of O.K. sauce. Cold meat, fish, chops and stews are eaten with zest, and jaded appetites are stimulated into healthful enjoyment.

Prices as usual

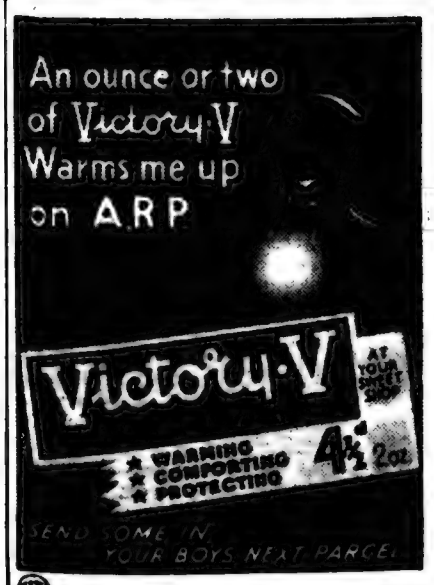
At all good Stores.

MASON'S O.K. THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 4

MARIE ELISABETH SARDINES HAVE A DISTINCTLY DELICIOUS FLAVOUR



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blosts up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

A USEFUL TIP. . . .

Don't overlook the "JOHN BULL" SHOP WINDOW PAGE for Bargains.—— SEE PAGE 25

Don't Worry about HEAD COLDS & SORE THROATS

Head-colds, coughs, sore throats, mild 'flu, and all sorts of feverish complaints are about. The thing to do is to STAMP THEM OUT NOW—WITH 'ASPRO'. You can do it if you act at once. At the first sign of a sore throat use 'ASPRO' as a gargle—the sore throat will be banished—the infection stopped. For a feverish cold or 'flu take two tablets with a hot lemon drink, and you will find the 'flu or cold disappear. 'ASPRO' claims are not mere assertions, they have been proved true by thousands of your fellow citizens. So do not be put off with make-believe—ask for 'ASPRO'—see that you get it—and then use it. Remember

'ASPRO' will put you RIGHT

SUMMER AND WINTER HEAD COLDS BANISHED

Dear Sirs, Highgate, N.19.
I feel duty bound to write and thank you for the great boon 'ASPRO' is to me. I suffered severe head colds frequently, summer and winter alike. I had only to meet anyone with a cold and sure enough I took it.
Now, about three years ago, I saw an advert. for 'ASPRO' and decided to give them a trial. They proved really wonderful and when I feel the slightest chill or I am in company with anyone with influenza colds, I safeguard myself with a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets before retiring and at intervals during the day if necessary. I am such a firm believer in them that my friends chip me about my little rolls of 'ASPRO' which I ALWAYS carry with me in case of emergency but nevertheless, they are often grateful to partake of some.
Yours faithfully, F. H. WEST (Mr.).

FAMILY STANDBY FOR PAIN AND COLDS

14 Central Parade, Gunnersbury Lane, Acton, London, W.3.
Gentlemen,
I should like to express my thanks for the great benefit I have received from taking 'ASPROS'. They are splendid for relieving severe headaches and neuralgia. I always keep a box in the house. If my husband or family feel a cold coming, they take two 'ASPROS' and a hot drink on going to bed for a couple of nights and it breaks the cold up. I very often wake up in the morning with a very bad headache. Then I take 2 'ASPROS' with a cup of tea which clears it right away in a short time and I feel fit for a day's work.
Yours faithfully, L. PRICE (Mrs.)

SMASHES COLDS IN ONE NIGHT

72a, Townholm Crescent, Hanwell, W.7.
Dear Sir,
I am a lorry driver, and I am out in all weathers, and it does not take long to get a cold, but as soon as I feel a cold coming I drop back on a glass of hot lemon and three 'ASPRO' tablets, and I find, by morning, I am my old self again. Yours faithfully, G. RAY.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.
Telephone: SLOUGH 22381
No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

HOW TO USE 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

For sore throat, tonsillitis, etc., put two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle with the mixture. The tablets break up into thousands of tiny particles which adhere to the lining of the throat, thus exerting the maximum antiseptic healing effect at the root of the trouble.

STOPS SORE THROAT OVERNIGHT

Dear Sirs, Southgate, London, N.14.
I thought I would like you to know how your wonderful 'ASPROS' have helped me. The other week I had a sore throat and headache and felt terrible. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon and also gargled with two and the next morning I felt as fit as a fiddle. I have tried other brands but none of them come up to 'ASPROS'.
Yours gratefully, MRS. G. M.

YOU CAN'T BEAT 'ASPRO' FOR COLDS

195, Heath Street, Winson Green, Birmingham, 8.
Dear Sirs,
I am writing to thank you for 'ASPRO.' I had a bad cold, and you can't beat 'ASPRO' for colds, nerves and bad headaches. I have taken them and recommended them for years.
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) E. M. BAILEY (Mrs.).

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

PUBLIC NOTICE. 'ASPRO' prices are not increased. They remain the same as pre-war

3D 6D 1/3 2/6

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

Giants of the Ring continues with another bare-knuckle fight in which a midget thrashes a noble giant after twice dodging the pursuing police.

"David and Goliath" Prize Fight!

by A. W. HELLIWELL

Up came the stakes and off they scooted as soon as they saw the shining toppers of the relentless policemen appearing over the hillside

"TOM SAYERS wants to fight *me*?" exclaimed William Perry incredulously, his mighty frame shaking with mirth as he threw back his great head and roared until the tears rolled down his purpling, punch-battered features.

And the top-hatted, tight-trousered, bewhiskered young bloods around laughed with him.

Small wonder that they did.

William Perry, the Tipton Slasher, was the peer of English knucklers, a giant of a man bulging with muscle and scaling more than fourteen stone. He was being challenged by a mere stripling.

Little Tom Sayers, of Brighton, was sixty pounds lighter, a frail-looking wisp of a fellow who barely reached to the Slasher's chin.

Fancy this midget daring to throw down the gauntlet to the terrible Slasher who had thrashed Freeman, the Yankee giant, seven feet high and eighteen stone in weight.

Ridiculous.

So they laughed.

Sayers let them laugh, but he stubbornly repeated his challenge again and again, until the champion was forced to notice him.

Eventually he found a backer, an optimistic young sportsman willing to put up a £200 sidestake.

The Slasher ceased to laugh. Seeing a golden opportunity to make money, he set about making his plans.

If this impudent young middleweight was fool enough to think he had a chance against the great Slasher it was high time he was taught a lesson, and if Perry could enrich himself in the teaching of it so much the better.

The match was made for June 16, 1857, the rendezvous to be circulated secretly.

This was in the days when the law frowned on the sport, and arrangements for a "mill" were attended by the conspiracy of a major crime.

The Slasher considered the result a foregone conclusion. He sold his public-house and everything he possessed, except the suit in which he travelled to the fight, to gamble every penny on himself.

Most of the Fancy shared this opinion, although a few, Brighton lads mostly, who knew the courage and endurance that more than compensated for Tom's lack of stature, were ready to bet on him.

The little fellow was brimming with confidence. The prospect of a "mill" with the Slasher would have sobered most men, but little Tom was laughing lightheartedly as he stripped to the waist and tied his blue and white colours to his corner stake.

PERRY stared at him in astonishment.

His brow wrinkled in perplexity.

His eyes, deep set in his ugly face, showed his thoughtfulness.

He could not understand why this pale young stripling should not realise that he was soon to be battered into unconsciousness. Yet he was laughing.

It was a wild day, more fitting to December than June. A howling gale was driving low clouds across the dreary sky, and along the beach the surf boomed thunderously.

The men were to fight in a lonely hollow on the Kentish coast.

The principals had been heavily disguised to deceive watchful policemen when they found the train-load of supporters who left London early that morning.

They had embarked on a steamer at Southend.

After a pitching, rolling passage that would have knocked all the fight out of most men, they had landed, only to be surprised by police officers when the ring was being prepared.

Up came the stakes and off they scooted as soon as the officers' shiny toppers were sighted.

After another stormy passage, they had reached this secluded hollow in which the ring was pitched.

STRIPPED to the buff, the Slasher was a figure to send a chill of apprehension through to the stoutest heart.

"Old K. Leg" they called him because of a slight deformity in one limb. Apart from this, he was as near physical perfection as man could be.

Dwarfed though he was by the gigantic Slasher, little Tom was in the pink of condition. What he lacked in inches he made up for in coolness and self-assurance as he stepped forward on the rain-soaked turf.

Enraged by this irritating serenity, the Slasher wasted no time. Growling wicked and highly coloured threats, he charged in and aimed a terrible blow at Tom's dark head.

Sidestepping with the grace of a ballet dancer, Sayers made the champion miss by a clear foot.

"Rotten shot, Perry," he mocked.

Then he laughed in the Slasher's face.

Perry then rushed in recklessly, eager to feel his fists pounding into the face of this tormenting opponent. He was fighting mad.

Cunning, foxy Sayers.

His plan was to goad Perry into wasting his strength. Light as thistledown, he danced around the turf as he evaded the champion's lumbering, bull-like rushes.

"Will 'ee stop dancing man," roared the Slasher. "Coom on and fight me, curse 'ee!"

Tom laughed louder and skipped more nimbly. The Slasher went stumbling after him, beating the air with his great fists as he tried in vain to land a good, solid punch on his elusive challenger.

Now and then little Tom would nip beneath Perry's flailing arms to hammer briskly against the champion's ribs. But he would escape before the giant had a chance to retaliate.

He was as fast with his fists as he was with his feet, and soon his left, smacking the Slasher's mouth, sent the blood spurting.

Growing a little careless as Perry's laboured breathing showed his distress, Sayers ducked a shade too late, and one of the Slasher's bone-crushing maulers descended like a hammer on his right temple.

Down went Tom to lay still and pale as death.

A dousing with water brought him round. He was on his feet and as perky as ever when time was called. But there was a lump as big as a hen's egg on his forehead.

The Slasher smiled.

Tom was now ready to oblige when he urged him to "Stand up and fight!"

A swinging blow from Sayers' left, pickled in vinegar until it was as tough as teak, laid open Perry's cheek, and then the little man went reeling back, white-faced and gasping for breath, as the champion caught him with two terrible haymakers to the mouth and head.

Toe-to-toe they stood, neither giving nor asking quarter, while the smack of fist on flesh grew louder until it seemed that one or the other must go down.

"Old K. Leg" tired first.

Slowly he sagged to his knees. With plenty of traces of the Slasher's fists on his puffed face, Tom stood back to watch the seconds haul his opponent to their corner.

With their rough-and-ready methods they put him into some sort of shape, and the Slasher lurched to his feet again.

He was in a sorry state. Even his backers urged him to quit, but as a champion he would have none of such talk.

Stubbornly he shook his great head and staggered across the muddy turf to where Tom awaited him with folded arms.

TOM was no longer grinning.

He had little taste for the task of finishing off this gallant giant.

The end came in the tenth round after the fighters had hammered each other for an hour and forty-two minutes.

Too weak to raise his broken hands in defence, the Slasher collapsed in a pitiful heap.

Simultaneously, Owen Swift, his principal backer, jumped into the ring and raised Tom's right hand.

A prize-ring David had vanquished his Goliath.

England had a new and worthy champion in little Tom Sayers, of Brighton.

NEXT WEEK:—

BOLD BENDIGO QUITS THE PRIZE-RING TO "FIGHT SATAN."

"Lots of boys are away, Mum"

The most careful mother cannot prevent her children coming into contact with infection. The wisest thing is to accept the possible presence of germs—and take precautions against them.

Before they go to bed let the children gargle with 'Dettolin.' Although it is such a powerful germ-killer, it is kind to the most sensitive tissue. 'Dettolin' contains the active germicidal principle of 'Dettol' antiseptic. Children like it because it is pleasant and refreshing.

If 'Dettolin' does not bring quick relief—consult your doctor.

DETTOLIN GARGLE & MOUTHWASH

RECKITT AND SONS, HULL AND LONDON (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT., HULL).

JOHN BULL'S GREAT GIFT TO YOU

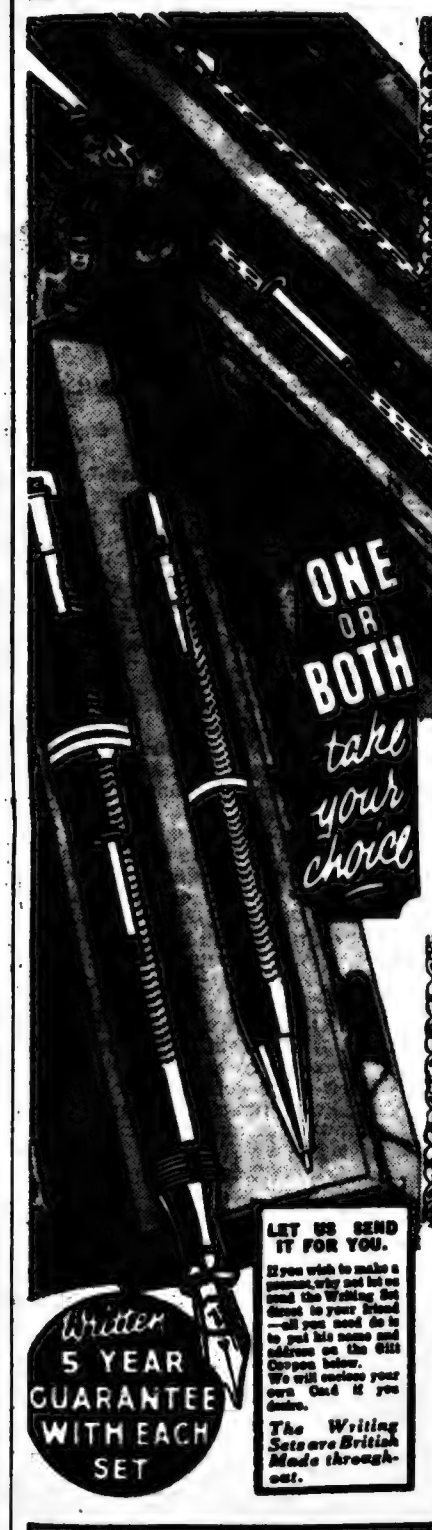
New Year Concession

"John Bull" has been successful in making special arrangements whereby it is able to announce an extension of its Great Gift Offer. If you have not yet applied for your Gift now is your chance. Post your Gift Voucher or Vouchers below together with the New Year Gift Coupon at once.

A TYPICAL LETTER OF APPRECIATION

"I am writing with a 'John Bull' pen I had from you 19 years ago."

E. J. G., Newton Abbot, Devon.



John Bull — VALUE 2/9

Gift Voucher

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment for the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st January, 1940.

No. A 64234

A FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment for "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set No. 1. The raven-black Pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-carat SOLID GOLD nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propel-repel-expel movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

John Bull — VALUE 7/6

Gift Voucher

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment for the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st January, 1940.

No. B 64234

LET US SEND IT FOR YOU.

If you wish to make a present, why not let us send the Writing Set direct to your friend—all you need do is to put his name and address on the Gift Coupon below. We will enclose your own Card if you desire.

The Writing Sets are British Made throughout.

A FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted at 7/6 cash in part payment for "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set DeLuxe No. 2. The Pen has two inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD; a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has one inlaid band of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD, foolproof propel-repel-expel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Butterfly effect.

"John Bull's" Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment for the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment for the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/- plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — **(2)** Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME.....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....
.....
.....

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order & Co. and make payable to "John Bull."

J.B., 30/12/39

Oh, My Poor Legs!

That Awful Fatigue! Do You Know it? That Agonising Pain! Have You Suffered it?

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take 'Elasto,' the Great New Biomedical Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not A Drug, But A Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is 'Elasto'? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language this amazing new method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, together with a generous free sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal healthy circulation; *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process 'Elasto' dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biomedical remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling 'Elasto' has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised. 'Elasto' will save you pounds!

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"'Elasto' put new life into me."
"As soon as I started taking 'Elasto' I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"My Doctor highly praises 'Elasto.'"
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"'Elasto' has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"'Elasto' tones up the system and cures depression."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but 'Elasto' cured me."
"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"The free sample gave me instant relief."

Here's Good News! You Can Test 'Elasto' Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of 'Elasto' for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: 'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised, so post your Coupon NOW—while you think of it! THIS OFFER IS TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED.*

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of 'Elasto'* ★

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how 'Elasto,' *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please print in capital letters.)

ADDRESS .....

"J.B." 301239. .....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

ARMY CLUBLETS

Major —

Sergeant —

Private —

Sub —

The Army asks for ARMY CLUB

THE FRONT-LINE CIGARETTE

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ORDINARY PRICES:

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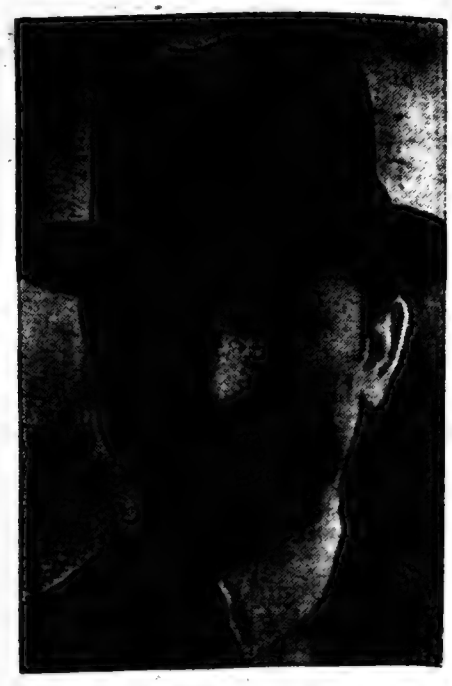
WILLIAM J. GAGE, "John Bull's" chief commissioner, introduces some famous old sleuths now back at Scotland Yard to help in solving war crimes

"YARD" Stars Return!



Chief Constable Albert Canning, now chief of the Special Branch, and concerned mainly with suspected aliens

THE present big comb-out of aliens does not mean that Scotland Yard's spy hunt has been relaxed. In radio-equipped, bomb-proof rooms the Brains-Behind-the-Campaign are busy day and night.

And many star detectives have come out of retirement to help.

Suspicions that might give an important clue or just nothing are sifted by experts who have spent years studying the technique of Secret Service agents of every country.

Leading this dramatic fight is Chief Constable Albert Canning, second-in-command to Sir Norman Kendal, Chief of the C.I.D. and head of the Special Branch.

When war was declared, the Chief recalled some of those colleagues who had retired, knowing the value of their experience.

Age didn't count in his lightning mobilisation of Britain's sleuth army.

All the wonders on which the Yard's scientific experts had been working for years were set in motion when war came to add to the problems of the police.

Ordinary crooks, still to be dealt with, are now more or less a sideline compared with other work, as vital to the safety of the country as anti-aircraft guns and other precautions.

Scotland Yard to-day controls an intricate network of detection.

It is the development of radio that has astonished old hands most.

Transmitters flash instructions from rooms built to defy bombs and gas to each of the sixty or so divisional stations in the Metropolitan Area. Other rooms, protected in the same way, are in touch by wireless with police forces throughout the land.

Nerve-centre of the whole system is the sanctum created for Sir Norman Kendal. On one wall is a huge map, studded with flags. It is concerned not with the changing frontiers of Europe, but the remorseless drive on home front foes. A glance at its evidence indicates how meticulously laid plans are operating.

Canning's room is already known by the intriguing name of "40B," and it is from there that detectives are dispatched on secret and frequently dangerous jobs.

Even detectives in the same department are enigmas to each other these days. Canning and his Chief only know what each man is doing.

Canning unmasked the notorious spies Carl Lody and Frank Muller, who were shot during the last war, and he foiled a gang plotting to kill Lloyd George, then Prime Minister.

Also he was in charge of detectives keeping watch over the King and Queen when they were in Canada.

In one night recently, Canning and his men swooped on and detained in different parts of London, thirty-four aliens of German nationality.

Many had arrived only a day or so before the outbreak of war!

Back to the fight is Detective-Inspector Arthur Mallet, deadly enemy of the "con" men, and among the most experienced officers of his day in combing the alien rendezvous of the West End.

"Jim" Beard, with twenty-five years of crime-hunting in Soho to his credit, and known during his heyday as the "most feared" officer at Scotland Yard where desperadoes and foreigners were concerned, is in harness again.

His last big job before retiring was to secure the deportation of the handsome yet insidious Ben Shasheua, who for years lived in luxury at the expense of the wealthy women he hoodwinked.

It is significant that Beard tracked down many alien gangs.

The chief of one, who once threatened him with a revolver during a Soho enquiry, ended his life on Devil's Island not long ago after killing an accomplice.

Charles Mann, who knows every nook and cranny in the West End, and was also much feared by foreign suspects in Soho, is also back in his old chair at Vine Street. There are many others.

Someone once said that I had been a crime investigator so long that I probably knew more police officers than the Commissioner himself. That was flattery, but with so many old faces back at the Yard, I have felt lately that I was a young man starting my job over again!

Old and new men form a formidable corps against which the most cunning enemy agents cannot hope to survive.

Most of these spies, despite their masquerade, are charted in dossiers that have been moved to an elaborately devised bomb-proof room. Here, in charge of Supt. Clarence Campion, are nearly a million finger-prints.

Tommy, Jack and Bill

NOT a man must be wasted if Britain is to win the war, yet penny-wise, pound-foolish panjandrums are still preventing the national effort reaching its highest peak.

One reader, with twenty years' experience at sea, registered with the Merchant Navy Reserve when war broke out.

Lately he was called up, but he couldn't afford the £2 fare to Cardiff, the seaboots, oil-skins, jerseys and other clothing he would need.

Applying to the Unemployment Assistance Bureau, he was offered £1. So he'll have to stay on the "dole" at 33s. 6d. a week!

Another reader tramped from Essex to Coventry for work. And he found it.

But he'll have to remain unemployed, a national liability instead of a national asset, because the employment exchange cannot pay the cost of moving his family and home.

We can only draw the Government's attention to these appalling examples of ineptitude. In hundreds of other war time difficulties, our Free Advice Service can give direct help.

Typical of recent questions are:

Miss H., Camberwell.—"My young man is in the Militia. We want to marry next month. Can he get leave for this purpose?"

He should apply for special leave to his commanding officer.

Mrs. A., Plymouth.—"Can I obtain an allowance even though my husband and I have been separated for many years?"

If he has supported you and the children you are eligible for allowance provided he claims for it and allows you at least 7s. a week from his Service pay. . . .

Have you a war query?

Whatever your difficulty, unless it deals with medical matters, the experts of JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service will deal with it.

Race with "Silver Ring"

AMONG my Christmas mail were requests from readers for a few "New Year tips." They recall that twelve months ago, from some four or five big-race runners, I selected the Grand National winner, Workman, and the Derby winner, Blue Peter. They want me to "oblige again."

The 1940 task is more difficult. We have less data to work on. I decided that Workman was likely to win the "National" on what I saw at the 1938 Liverpool November meeting. But we did not have the benefit of any form at Aintree last November.

We did not see much of the crack two-year-olds after Goodwood, and that makes the coming classic races appear more open.

I have already a number of fancies for the main events of 1940, and if you think the races will be run you may care to mention them.

Lincolnshire Handicap.—Titan or Hot Iron II

Grand National.—Kilstar.
Two Thousand Guineas.—Stardust.
One Thousand Guineas. — Golden Penny.
The Derby.—Black Toni.
The Oaks.—Golden Penny.
Ascot Gold Cup.—Atout Maitre.
St. Leger.—Black Toni.

Here's hoping that we shall all be paid out over a winner, and that there will be no objection!

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, December 28, to Wednesday, January 3.

B A K X U Z R 93 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below as the case may be. Example: IXKRMU would read BOSLEY. Where a double letter occurs in the name the figure 2 is substituted. KXT295 would read SONNA.

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SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER. Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear, 1,000 Bargains. A.B.C. Guide Free.—Cockram's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY.—130 useful articles 10/-. 42 pcs. acts., 4/-. Glass & Earthenware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, Sunderland.

SENSITIVE GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES. Once used always used. Buy a box and prove for yourself. Loud, Medium and Soft. 200 for 6d. Bronze point-ups for Radios. 6d. per 100.—Manufacturers, J. Stead & Co., Ltd., Sheffield.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT. SEND for patterns post free from WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 32, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1938 free.—Dudley's, 651, Holloway Road, N.7.

WALLPAPER Direct from works. 250 patterns post free. Delivery as usual. — OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. J, Shudehill Road, Manchester.

EMPLOYMENT.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-Time Entrance Service and details of pay and duties in the various branches.—B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

POLICEMEN WANTED for various parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pensions. Ages 19-38. No experience.—For full details of easy Entrance write B.T.I. (Dept. 662), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

CATARRH Sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol—the new brand nasal drops which end Catarrh misery—write, mentioning *John Bull*, to "Vick," 211, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1, sending 2d. stamp.

THOUSANDS of women have maintained their health and strength by wearing a SPENCER Maternity Belt.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

EVERY WOMAN who wants to look better and feel better in 1940 should take a couple of Bile Beans every night. They are the sure way to health, beauty and fitness. They beautify and enrich the blood, tone up the entire system and make you feel better in every way. See Back Cover.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

GET THIS FREE BOOKLET! If you're run-down, feeling tired, lack pep and attractiveness, learn how iron, in an assimilable form, will restore you to health and bloom.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.91), Watford, Herts, for an informative Free Book, "Iron Starvation: The Thief of Health and Strength." Write for this to-day!

ZEE-KOL Almond Oil Toilet Soap creates beauty and preserves beauty. Containing Almond Oil, it is costly. ZeeKol Almond Oil Soap is a marvellous tonic to the skin. Now only 6d. a large tablet, and well worth it.

GET RID of colds and sore throats with Aspro. At the first sign of a sore throat, use Aspro as a gargle. For a feverish cold or 'flu, take two Aspro Tablets with a hot lemon drink. Ask for Aspro—see that you get it—and then use it. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores at 3d., 6d., 1/3 and 2/6.

FREE to mothers. Valuable book, "BABY"—a wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood and healthy babyhood. Also Nestlé's Supplementary Feeding Charts. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Nestlé's Milk Products, Ltd., (I.P.317), 6a, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

IN times like these, old friends are best. For three generations Beecham's Pills have been a wonderful friend of young and old. Remember the golden rule of Health—a timely dose of Beechams Pills. They keep you cheerful, energetic and clear-headed. They prevent constipation, liverishness, digestive upsets and overweight. Gentle, natural, effective and reliable, Beechams Pills are sold everywhere.

A.R.P. Workers. Always have a tin of ZeeKol Ointment handy. When one is on the march, rub in ZeeKol between the toes and all round the feet. They will keep in perfect condition, and your feet will not get tired. ZeeKol works wonders with Skin troubles and heals Ulcers, Chilblains, Severe Burns, etc. Zee-Kol Ointment costs only 6d., 1/3 and 3/- everywhere.

EVERY girl who is doing National Service and is continually exposed to the open should protect her skin. Try Dege Cream, the marvellous complexion restorer. It keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. Takes away wrinkles and leaves the skin as smooth as a child's. In tubes, 6d. and 9d., and in pots, 1/ and 2/-.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both dry and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422W), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

IT is difficult to escape all contact with infection, so be on the safe side. Gargle regularly with "Dettolin." It protects the throat and mouth, where infection so often begins. "Dettolin" is a powerful germ-killer containing the active germicidal principle of "Dettol" antiseptic. It is blended specifically to suit the delicate tissues of the throat. Children enjoy using it; it is so pleasant and refreshing. Obtainable from chemists, 9d. and 1/3.

FREE Authoritative booklet. Every home ought to have a copy, because it contains measures which will guard against infectious diseases such as Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Whooping Cough, Influenza, etc. You should take all measures to save health and life in your family, and the finest information on the prevention, recognition and restriction of all infectious diseases are contained in the special booklet, which can only be obtained from the makers of Sanitas. So write, mentioning *John Bull*, now, while you think of it, to The Sanitas Co., Ltd., Book Dept. J.B., 51, Clapham Road, S.W.9.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AUGMENT Your Food Ration with health-giving vegetables. New Catalogue of reliable Vegetable and Flower Seeds free.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., Seedsmen (Dept. J.B.), Edinburgh, 7.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS. Pre-War prices. 56/9 profit on 5/3 board at 2d. per punch. 3mpl. 200-hole board 3/9, and illus. cat., BURDON HUNTER, 26, Woodville Road, London, E.11.

GOOD to look at, Good to eat, Good for health. That's SHREDDED WHEAT.

A NEW style Recipe Book free. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Batchelor's Peas, Ltd., Sheffield, and a copy of their famous recipe book will be sent by return.

FREE! Get your boy to write or write yourself on his behalf for the free catalogue of Meccano products describing how bridges, towers and cranes can be built with Meccano products. A copy can be obtained post free.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. 37, Meccano, Ltd., Binns Road, Liverpool, 13.

ALL the flavour and bouquet of freshly roasted and ground coffee make Distil vastly different from ordinary bottled coffee. It is sold by all grocers. The cost is most economical.

THE TRUVOICE is a low-priced all-wave radio set of superlative quality. Get particulars of this to-day. Although only 6½ guineas, you can get it on H.-P. Terms. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, for full details to Henri Selmer & Co., Ltd., 114, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

IF you want to make a meal perfect, use a little O.K. Sauce. It's appetising and tasty. A host of delicious ingredients give that scrumptious, fruity flavour that children love. A little O.K. Sauce makes children relish any cold meat, fish or stews. Mason's O.K. Sauce is the Sauce that does you good.

FREE GIFTS in exchange for Distil Coffee Coupons. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for Special Free Gift Book to Distil Manfg. Co. (1921), Ltd., Mocha House, Mint Street, London, S.E.1.

THE Navy's favourite Cigarette. Sailors have a reputation for being good judges. Their favourite cigarette in the Navy is Ardath Straight Cut, and now smokers everywhere at home can buy this excellent cigarette at the round price of 10 for 6d. It represents to-day's outstanding cigarette value. No wonder everyone is "Joining the Navy" in smoking Straight Cut.

BIG new Xmas folder free. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Curry's, Ltd., Head Office, Gt. West Road, Brentford, Middlesex, for selection of some of the finest Radio Sets at amazing cash-price bargains. The easiest of easy terms can be arranged if required. Particulars of Portable Sets, Radiograms, free home demonstrations, etc., are contained in this big new folder. Send for a copy now.

"POINT" British Sherry saves you shillings a bottle, because it is British Sherry produced with the finest grape juice, fermented and matured over here instead of the country where the grapes are grown. You can find out how good this is for as little as 10d.—the price of a quarter-flask.

FREE.—Particulars of the leading British Fretwork Outfits are contained in a leaflet published by HOBBIES. Write to Hobbies, Ltd. (Dept. 45), Dereham, Norfolk, for free copy. Boys will appreciate Hobbies Fretwork Outfits—a complete set of tools to keep them happy making practical things in wood.

FREE catalogue of Ciro famous rings, pearls and jewellery. Ciro creations challenge the closest comparison with fine, real jewellery, however costly. These beautiful articles are inexpensive—from a guinea upwards (and on easy terms, if desired)—and if you can detect any difference from more costly rings or jewellery your money will be refunded! Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Ciro, 48, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for free catalogue of exclusive Ciro rings, ear-rings, brooches, watches, regimental badges and other Ciro gems. Do so at once—Christmas is not so far away. You can make your choice now, from the catalogues!

IF you have never tried Shavex, do so at once. It is the no-soap, no-brush method of shaving. Popular with the British forces, you will find that you can shave in a quarter of the time it takes with soap and brush, and your skin will feel as fresh as a daisy. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved and your skin will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes. Shavex is used all over the world. Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex at 6d., 1/- and 1/6 tubes and 1/6 pots

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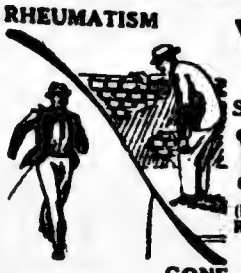

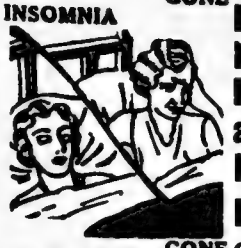

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An exceptional offer of genuine London Busmen's Navy Blue serge trousers, very slightly worn. In first-class condition. Thoroughly cleaned and pressed. Seam strongly sewn and reinforced. New waist linings. Men requiring trousers for exceptional hard wear and service will find these garments unbeatable. All sizes 32 ins. to 42 ins. waist and usual leg lengths. MADE UNDER CONTRACT, these garments, because of their first-class condition, can only be obtained on very rare occasions. D.B. jacket to match 6/6. Complete suit 12/6. Post 9d. Order with confidence. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

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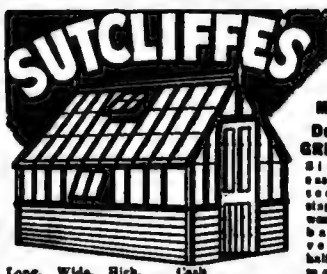

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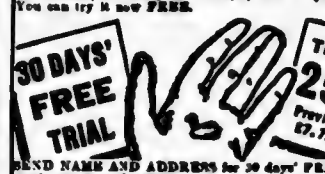

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Fits to the lapel and shows where you are. Can be fitted to dog's collar. Complete with battery and bulb. Price 9d., post 2d. Refill batteries 4d. each. Can be converted into a torch by fitting extra bulb, price 6d.

From all dealers or direct from

Chiswick Engineering Ltd. (Dept. J.B.6), 7 High Rd., Chiswick, London, W.4 *Trade Enquiries Invited.*

By a 14-Year-old Reader

"I was a U-BOAT Victim . .

IMAGINE my mother's feelings as she heard the radio announcer describing the loss of the *Ledbury*, in which I was making my first voyage.

Imagine how much she regretted allowing me to answer the call of adventure that had plagued me all my life.

For a long time she had thought I would never find a berth in a ship and she was too surprised to refuse consent when I startled her with the news about being cabin boy in the *Ledbury*.

She even helped me to put my new seafaring "togs" aboard the vessel, and we forgot the threat of war in our excitement.

Yet war was declared, and a week elapsed before the vessel slipped out of port early one morning with our cargo.

The rest of the crew faced the voyage with the calm resignation with which all seafaring men accept grave danger.

To me, war merely heightened the adventure of setting out to sea on my first great adventure.

The "Ledbury" was my magic carpet.

Even when a stiff breeze whipped the Channel into heavy seas, I did not regret my desire to be a sailor, and even in the midst of my first real dose of sea-sickness life seemed pretty good.

Eventually we ran into calm water and I went about my work of looking after the three "mates" aboard the ship without a care in the world. My sea-sickness was forgotten, and I seemed to be making myself useful.

★ We reached Genoa without any trouble, delivered our cargo of coal and started out again, homeward bound with a cargo of iron ore.

We called first at the French naval port of Toulon, shipped more coal at Gibraltar, and left the Rock one night, ready for a quick run home.

Twelve hours later we were off the Spanish coast when a shout from the man on watch sent us hurrying to the deck.

Looking over the rail, we saw a man struggling in the sea.

A boat was lowered and the man, now unconscious, was brought to the side of the *Ledbury*, which was stopping amid great masses of wreckage.

We had only pulled the first man aboard when we saw four others, floating towards us on a raft. Two of them were Arab firemen, and they were all exhausted.

They were some of the survivors of the "Menin Ridge," torpedoed in these waters only an hour before!

In an instant, the men in the *Ledbury*, aware of their danger, were planning how they could avoid the U-boat, which would obviously still be lurking within a few miles.

We were soon under way again, steaming full speed ahead but pursuing a zig-zag course, and every man available was watching the sea for a periscope.

I was in a fever of excitement, and I'm afraid my duties were neglected.

Suddenly my heart leaped.

My body stiffened.

The air was vibrating with a deafening "boom" and the ship was shivering. I did not have to be told that the *Ledbury* was to be the U-boat's second victim that morning.

Everybody rushed to the rails again.

And I saw a German U-boat for the first time.

It lay about a hundred yards to our starboard side, and as our ship "hove to" I could see men hurrying about the business of packing another shell into the submarine's gun.

Again I heard the deafening boom of the gun and a second shell came screaming towards us.

The *Ledbury* shuddered as the missile carried away the galley. While we manned the boats at the captain's orders, shell after shell was dropped into the poor old *Ledbury*, my first ship, the magic carpet of my boyhood dreams.

★ As each shell went screaming overhead, I shivered with fear.

That high-pitched shriek was even more terrifying than the subsequent explosion, which sent débris flying into the air, only to fall into the sea with a sinister plop as it missed our boats by inches.

The *Ledbury* began to list, and as we sheered away she slid deep into the sea for ever.

With the gun still trained in our direction, the U-boat commander ordered us to row towards his craft.

You can imagine my fear, yet as we approached that submarine my curiosity became more intense than any terror.

I goggled as we drifted near enough to inspect the commander and his men. This certainly was adventure.

The commander, a bearded man, whose age might have been anything between thirty-five and fifty-five, shouted to us in perfect English.

"War is war," he yelled. "Therefore I had to sink your ship."

Although "Sparks," the radio operator, had sent out frequent calls for help when our ship was being shelled, a member of the crew shouted across to the U-boat commander, asking that he should send out radio signals describing our plight.

"Ten blasted stations have already received your signals for help," he retorted angrily. "Blame your Churchill and your Chamberlain for this."

"What about your Hitler," shouted back the man in our boats.

The question sent the Nazi naval man into a terrible rage, and he stormed about the deck of his U-boat, brandishing his revolver at us and shouting in German.

It seemed as though he could not resist the temptation to sink us then and there. There was nothing of the calm dignity of the German naval officer in the way he poured bitter abuse on us.

He had worked himself into a screaming frenzy and I was beginning to feel that the adventure might not be such fun after all when he stopped as suddenly as he had started.

One of his crew had ended the torrent with a few magic words.

The commander looked towards the horizon.

★ There was a smudge of smoke from the stack of a steamer, and the commander put away his gun and took out his glasses. His rage was forgotten.

"There goes another ship that I must also sink," he said quite calmly. "It is war. You will be picked up shortly and you will be safe, but I know that neither my crew nor I will ever see Germany again. You are much luckier than we are really."

While he had been speaking, the U-boat had been moving away from us and the Nazi crew had been disappearing into the steel hull.

The commander joined them with a farewell wave of his hand.

The U-boat did not submerge, but headed for the ship on the horizon, which it sank within the hour.

It was the *Tafna*.

Our boats drifted for about four hours before we were sighted by the American motor ship, *Crown City*, in which we were treated as heroes.

The crew shared their quarters and the women passengers bought me more than enough ice-cream.

We returned to Gibraltar, where we waited a week before boarding a British liner, which brought us to England.

Not a bad beginning for a life on the ocean wave!

Going back?

Why, of course, I'm going back as soon as I can find another berth.

● *"There was a smudge of smoke on the horizon, and the commander put away his gun and took out his glasses. His rage was forgotten."*

On My First Voyage

Fourteen-year-old John J. Richardson, of St. Margaret's Road, West Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne, contributes this week's reader's story, for which he receives five guineas.

He describes how he was shelled by a U-boat and harangued by a Nazi commander when the steamer *Ledbury*, in which he was serving on his first voyage as a cabin boy, was sunk off the Spanish coast.

He was the victim of a U-boat that sunk the *Menin Ridge*, the *Ledbury* and the *Tafna* in one morning. With the crew of 31 he was rescued by the American motor-ship *Crown City*.

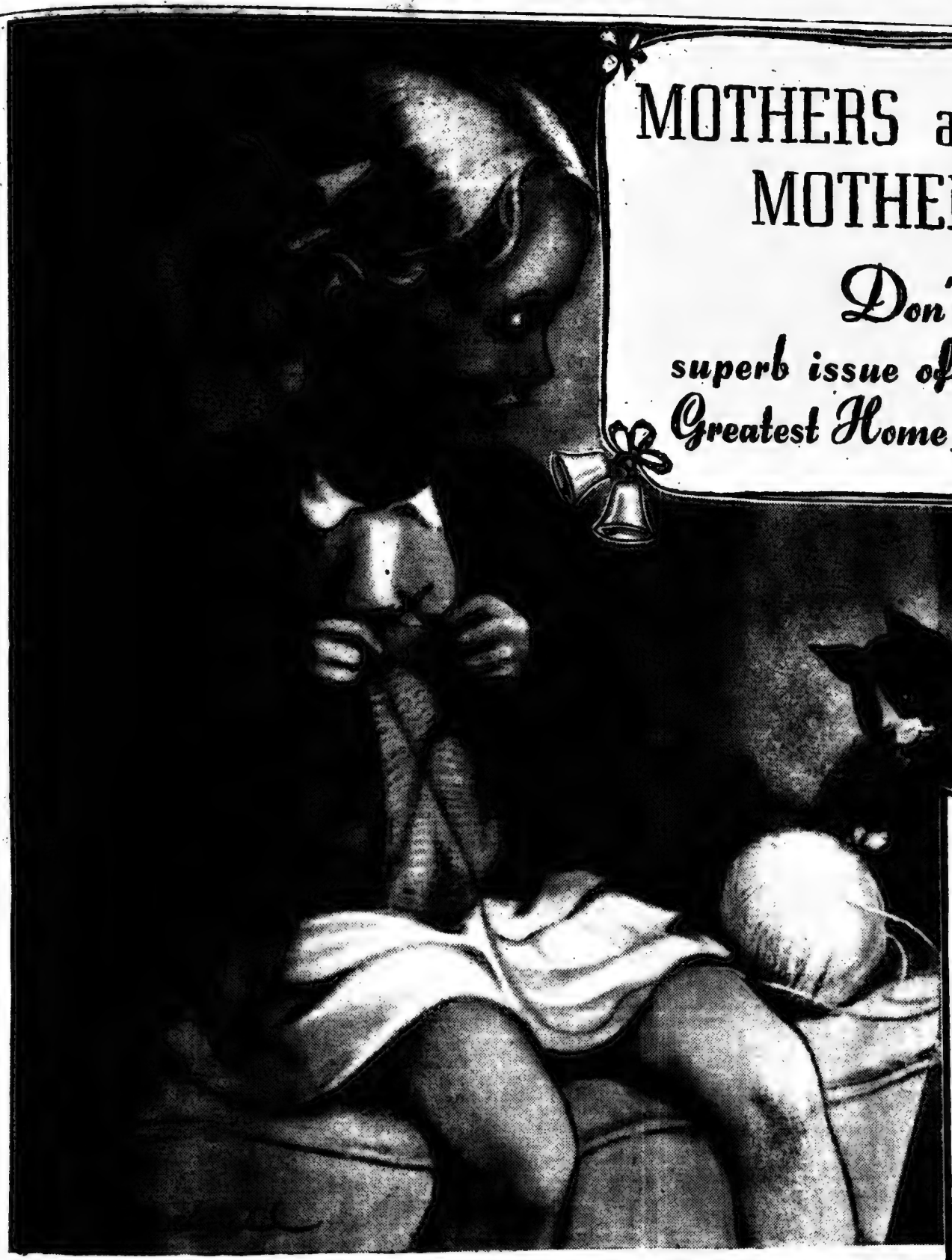
Already this war has brought adventure to those who had hitherto led the most prosaic lives. JOHN BULL, eager to reveal these true war time adventures, offers five guineas for every reader's story published. Told in a thousand words, the story must be real experience —*and* it must be about *this* war.

A Reminder—

Have You sent in your "FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION Entries yet?

£100 Cash Must be Won!

Don't be late in sending in your entries for the "Fitting Phrases" Contest which appeared in last week's issue. £100 in cash prizes must be won! No entrance fee! Coupons from all pages can be enclosed in the same envelope, sealed (1½d. stamp).



MOTHERS and MOTHERS-TO-BE

Don't miss this superb issue of Britain's Greatest Home Magazine

What's in this brilliant New Year issue?

NEW YEAR FAMILY KNITTING

Full knitting instructions for an enchanting dress for Mother. A smart long-sleeved pullover for HIM. And the thrilling cardigan ribbed for figure flattery is a real joy. For Master Four-year-old there's a sturdy jersey suit and for his sister a pinafore frock to match.

THREE LONG COMPLETE STORIES

Here's grand fiction by your favourite authors—gloriously illustrated—"Soldier's Son" by Dorothy Black; "Storm Warning" by Ware Torrey; and "Happy Birthday to You" by Olive Nevett.

OTHER MOTHERS' PROBLEMS

Nurse Crawford will help you, with practical advice, to keep your baby healthy and happy. Read her helpful articles on nervy children and evacuees.

WINTER FASHIONS

There are four delightful outfits which you need this Winter—they are all easy to make. For children you will find pages of sensible clothes which are inexpensive and can be put together in no time.

AND there's the famous "Four O'clock Gossip" feature—how to prepare your children for the "new arrival" and an important article on health for expectant mothers—some enchanting blackout lamp shades to make—Mrs. Brittain gives some wonderful new recipes—there's a bedtime story for the little ones, etc., etc., etc.

DON'T miss this grand issue!

HERE'S THRILLING NEWS! The wonderful big NEW YEAR issue of "MOTHER"—JUST OUT—sixpence as usual. Its pages are packed with delightful surprises including Health and Beauty secrets... Knitting... Fashion... Home and Cookery hints... Advice on child welfare... and THREE grand complete stories. Look in the panel on the right at just a few of the unique features in this lavishly illustrated issue—and then hurry—get your copy at once before they're all sold out! *Go to your newsagent now and ask him for it and at the same time be sure to place a standing order for the regular supply of "MOTHER" every month.*

MOTHER

JUST OUT 6D.

HERE'S YOUR HOBBY for 1940!

A YEAR ago this week, scores of JOHN BULL readers made a New Year resolution—*and kept it*. Look back through the 46 winning lists of 1939 and you see their reward for resolving to win in our Crossword Competition.

See the Life Pensions, Big Cheques, Hampers and other prizes galore, all captured by readers who believed in grasping their 1939 opportunities with both hands.

Here, to remind you of JOHN BULL'S happy family of 43 Life Pensioners which *you* can join this week, are two typical war time Pension winners; another woman Crossworder captured an income for life only last week!

Soon we shall be publishing the first lists of Crossword winners of 1940. Spurred on by this week's fine Pension-plus-Cash First Prize, with final £100 offer of seasonable big hampers, see that your entry is posted on or before Saturday, January 6!

Mrs. G. K. Bray won Life Income in X-word No. 174.

Miss C. L. Watkyn, second War time Pensioner.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Old one in port will perhaps be of interest to those keen on boats and shipping
3. It might be foolish for one to strike without good reason
4. Consume
5. It's often used in electrical machinery
7. Using right hook may help you to land good one
8. Neighbours who do this late at night are rather inconsiderate
12. If shopkeeper hasn't this he may possibly annoy a customer
14. It's not surprising that hard-pressed Chancellor is sometimes worried by these as budget day approaches
20. Most people are pleased when visitors admire theirs
21. Deer found in Selkirk
22. Looked forward to, at some kiddies' parties

DOWN CLUES

1. Often gets bit frayed when women start fighting for sales bargains
2. Fruit that sounds like a couple
6. Some salesmen would be interested to hear of one in which good business could be done
9. It's not easy to go straight when you're rolling in this.
10. Silk stocking advertiser is on look-out for attractive one for his posters
11. Youngsters in modern school are accustomed to this work
13. Man using heavy plane might be pleased if this could be made lighter
15. May occasionally have to be thoroughly combed
16. Estate agent would be unlikely to say vacant plot of land was this
17. Good description of Cinderella's sisters
18. You may well be wise to beware of this when fighting
19. Animal that lives in a sty

WIN £200 CASH & LUXURY CASE

Monthly throughout 1940!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. "Bullets" coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for fine offer of £200 Cash and Luxury Case Monthly throughout 1940, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 31.

X-WORD RESULT

No. 181.

Owing to the Christmas Holidays it has been found impossible to include in this issue the Result of Crossword No. 181; this, together with the winning Puzzle Square, will appear in next week's issue.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 183rd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, January 18. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 183, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Saver" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 183, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, January 6, 1940.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, January 18. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £350 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 183. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, JANUARY 6.

IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions. Affixed are 1½d. stamps at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below.)

P.O. Value..... No.....

ADD NAME & ADDRESS TO BOTH COUPON AND LABEL.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here

FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps

FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps

FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing entrance of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE.)

3-minute Mystery

A Brief Case in Point

He spoke into the telephone asking for the man in question to be sent to the office

"IT was a long, black brief-case," said Sir Horace Mannering, "and I'm certain I had it when I came in, Captain. It *must* have been removed by someone within this building."

"You're sure you didn't leave it in the taxi?" asked Captain Connolly, of the Intelligence.

"Positive," answered Sir Horace. "You see, it was such a confoundedly long thing that it caught on one of the doors downstairs, and I remember cursing the necessity for carrying it."

"Well, we'd better ask the head commissionaire whether there were any suspicious characters around the place this morning."

He spoke into the inter-office telephone, asking for the man in question to be sent to his office.

"Oh, hullo, Thomas," he said when the commissionaire arrived. "Sir Horace lost a black brief-case somewhere in the building this morning.

"It contained highly confidential documents, which we must recover immediately. Have you noticed any suspicious characters around the place?"

"No, sir. But, then, I haven't been on the doors this morning. Do you think the case has been stolen?"

"We're not certain," Connolly replied. "It may have been mislaid."

"If it's been mislaid, there's a chance it might have been handed in to the commissionaire on one of the doors. Would you like me to ring down?"

Thomas telephoned to the man on the main door.

"This is Thomas speaking," he said. "Sir Horace Mannering has mislaid a long, black brief-case somewhere about the building. Has it been handed in to you?"

Pressing down the receiver rest, he dialled the number of each entrance in turn, asking the same question.

"No, sir," he said, at last. "None of them's seen it."

"I see," said the Intelligence Officer. "Tell me, Thomas. Did you see Sir Horace come in?"

"No, sir. The first time I've seen him to-day is in here!"

"Is it?" asked Connolly. "What did you do with that bag, Thomas? You stole it. Where is it?"

WHY DID HE ACCUSE THE HEAD COMMISSIONAIRE?

(See page 30)

YOUR POOLS NOTES

Hints for Beginners

by "Poolex"

A NEWCOMER to pools is often tempted to try to "cover the board" by entering one or two columns in each of the pools on the coupon.

Experienced punters agree that this is not wise. It is better to concentrate on one pool, getting to know the problems that it offers.

The best to try in the beginning are three-draws or four-aways pools, which require only a small number of selections, all of the same type, and provide a simple introduction to permutations.

Permutation is the method by which you can allow for the inevitable errors in forecasting. Study this way of permuting four selections for the three-draws pool.

1st selection	.....	x	x	x —
2nd selection	.....	x	x	— x
3rd selection	.....	x	—	x x
4th selection	.....	—	x	x x

This arrangement allows for one selection to be wrong. If *any* three of the four choices turn out to be draws, one of the four columns shown above will be correct. If all four of the selections are correct, *each* of the four columns will win.

This is the simplest of the many ways in which selections can be permuted.

The greater the number of selections, the more columns required to cover all possible groups.

Four-draw selections can be grouped in all the possible groups of three by a total of four columns.

If five choices are made it will require ten different columns to cover the possible combinations taken three at a time.

Six selections for the draws pool would require twenty different columns.

The simplest permutation for the four-aways pool is this arrangement of five selections, grouped four in each column:

1st selection	.....	2	2	2	2 —
2nd selection	.....	2	2	2	— 2
3rd selection	.....	2	2	—	2 2
4th selection	.....	2	—	2	2 2
5th selection	.....	—	2	2	2 2

Six selections grouped in fours require fifteen columns. Seven selections need thirty-five columns.

When entering this sort of permutation it is not necessary to mark each column separately. Merely mark all your selections in the same column, bracket them together and mark your entry "Permutation ..... columns."

Familiar with permutation, pool checkers will read your entry just as if each column was written separately.

For punters wishing to enter permutations of this type, here is a table showing the columns needed for various numbers of selections.

No. of Selections.	No. of Groups of three (Draws pool).	No. of Groups of four (Aways pool).
4.	4	1
5.	10	5
6.	20	15
7.	35	35
8.	56	70
9.	84	126
10.	120	210

War Time Gardens

VEGETABLE SEED people are now working overtime preparing millions of packets of vegetable seeds suitable for the ten-rod allotment.

All large seed growers carried out trials of varieties of vegetables and flowers, and recently I went over the trial grounds to inspect different varieties of food crops.

In one instance 650 trials of garden peas were being carried out.

Kelvedon's Wonder, a dwarf pea that I have tried in my own garden, stood out well in the trials.

Kelvedon's Triumph, another of the same race, also proved a useful dwarf large-podded pea.

These dwarf peas require little staking. A few strands of twine attached to stakes at either end is sufficient to hold the row. Dwarf twigs, eighteen inches in length, will give adequate support.

Dwarf peas can also be grown close together and do not overshadow other crops, a valuable point in a small garden.

Seed Catalogue Miracle

I am going to try a row or two of dwarf peas among the potatoes.

Professor Virtamen, of Finland, has been growing potatoes and peas together, and found that the peas pass on nitrogen for the benefit of potatoes.

There is a world of interest in this sympathetic association of one plant for another. Attached to the roots of peas are nodules that have the power to fix atmospheric nitrogen in the soil, in exchange for some of the sap of the pea plant.

It is a partnership between two organisms, a bacillus that fills the nodules and the pea. This suggests a pretty experiment for the curious gardener.

by Richard Sudell

A visit to the factory where seeds arrive in sacks for cleaning and testing is a revelation of the help that science gives to seed production.

Every variety must be tested for purity of strain, for freedom from weeds and foreign matter.

Seeds must be cleaned of husks and broken seeds.

Ingenious machines pull out weeds. Frequently the seed is passed over black velvet rollers to which the spiky seeds of weeds attach themselves and are thus cleaned out of the true seed.

Seed testers know the appearance of all common weed seeds, and tell at a glance the quality of a sample of seed.

Other machines count the seeds and place them in packets in the right quantity.

When you go to an established firm for your supply of vegetable seed you can be sure that all has been done to make for success.

The rest is up to you.

HEALTH news

If nerve suffering is your trouble read these two remarkable cases, which show you how to overcome your weakness and make a good recovery.

UTTERLY COLLAPSED

NOW — First freedom from Pain for over a year!

Mrs. H. of Copford, Essex, writes:—

"Thirteen months ago I utterly collapsed with a very severe nerve breakdown and I have been ill ever since. I have been through all the tortures of mental and physical pain that only illness of this kind can bring. The neurotic condition of my whole body caused a year of acute agony. I started my first box of Dr. Cassells Tablets and my outlook is altogether different. Last week was my first pain-free for over a year — eating a normal meal. I now look forward to the good health which makes life worth living."

AFRAID OF LOSING HIS REASON

NOW — Life is again worth living!

Overwork had caused his Nerves to go to pieces

An Ex 1st class Warrant Officer who went right through the Boer War and the 1914-18 War, and has since ridden 500 miles a week as an A.A. Scout sends us the following:—

"I was on the point of a nervous breakdown, and had decided to throw my job up, as my nerves were gone to pieces, and I felt I would lose my reason. I had tried nerve remedies without result and when I was asked to try Dr. Cassells Tablets I did so with reluctance. But I thank the day I did try them. There is nothing in the world to touch them and if only I can convince other sufferers to give Dr. Cassells a trial I shall have done a good turn to humanity. Life is again worth living."

Feed your Nerves with

DR CASSELLS BRAND TABLETS

—AND YOU WILL

EAT BETTER!

SLEEP BETTER!

FEEL BETTER!

1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Trial size 6d.

The Great Nerve Tonic and Body Builder

Don't overlook the "John Bull" Shop Window and the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 25.

The Last Laugh

THE KID By LEES

side-slips

THE EVENING DISPATCH :—". . . and they are gathered at shoulders and waist with elastic THREAT."

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST :—"Another BALLROOM was caught in a tree, while the third drifted over . . ."

THE EVENING CITIZEN :—"Only 60,000 were offered for SALT when the Government tried to buy the vests . . ."

DAILY RECORD :—"Then they hoisted the sail, and at first they had a favourable MIND."

NORTHERN ECHO :—". . who was a passenger in a BUST which was in collision with a tramcar and a lorry at South Shields on Friday morning, was in another BUST accident on Saturday morning."

THE REDDITCH INDICATOR :—". . . it has been found necessary to curtail postal DIFFICULTIES in this district."

THE CROYDON TIMES :—". . . rail traffic was held up for nearly seven YEARS except on the East Croydon main line."

ARMLEY AND WORTLEY NEWS :—"Such illustrious PARSONS as Gladstone, the Earl of Rosebery, . . . Baldwin, and at the present day, Neville Chamberlain."

THE WEEKLY IRISH TIMES :—"GOAL-keepers must remember that no GOAT will drink dirty water."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS :—"The Union agreed to consider the organising of a series of Sunday evening CONVERTS . . ."

WAR VICTIMS

MRS. X——, of Catford, whose husband is still suffering from a wound received in the Great War, and is unable to work, has five children, four of whom are under sixteen years of age. Her eldest son, his mother's sole support, has been called to the colours to serve his country, to fight for freedom for you and me. But for the timely help given her by "JOHN BULL'S" WAR SUFFERERS' FUND, Mrs. X——'s plight would have been desperate. This splendid fund was created in September, 1914, to help unhappy War victims such as this, and with the generous co-operation of readers who have given money, clothing and food, it is doing wonderful work. At this season of the year our thoughts turn to those less fortunate than ourselves. Think how grateful you would be to receive help if you were in need. Send something, however small, have a whip round amongst your friends—please do a little for this great cause by sending a donation—send in time for us to lessen the sufferings of worthy cases early in the New Year. **Every penny you send will go to alleviate distress caused by War. Every penny for administration of the fund, even to the cost of postage stamps, is borne by "John Bull."**

Envelopes should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, "John Bull" War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All gifts will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

MISS S. (Surrey).—"When I sang 'Glorious Devon' to the troops, a soldier in the front row was in tears. Perhaps he was a Devon lad." Perhaps he was a musician.

KAY (Ramsgate).—"How do you like my photograph? I am twenty-one and some months." About 60 months?

TOMMY (On leave).—"The first estaminet I visited in France had a flat roof with chairs and tables on it." So you had a drink on the house?

T. M. (Hull).—"This black-out may be necessary, but I miss the bright lights." Not to mention the garden gate and the front doorstep?

F. L. (Hove).—"This is a funny war. What have soldiers who have only just joined up been sent away on Christmas leave for?" Seven days.

★ E. K. (Merstham).—"The Army wants our sons, the Land Army wants our daughters, and the Chancellor wants our money. What *can* we keep?" Cheerful.

W. L. (Rochford).—"When our 18-stone sergeant-major came on to entertain us the laughter was terrific." And we suppose the stage rocked, too.

L. H. (Heston).—"I am a professional entertainer, but it is hard to know just what people want after a really good dinner." Have you tried handing round the bismuth tablets?

A. C. (Dulverton).—"I'm not keen on dress affairs at all. I always feel that there's not a bit of difference between a dress-tie and a noose." Yes there is—one is worn without a collar.

W. L. (Godalming).—"German theatres and cabarets are short of costumes." Similar establishments in London have no such shortage, despite appearances to the contrary.

3-MINUTE MYSTERY SOLUTION

Thomas told the door-commissionaires that "a *long*, black bag" had been mislaid.

How did he know the dimensions of it unless he was concerned in the theft?

No one had told him the size.

G. P. (Ruthin).—"My wife can be an angel when she likes." She's apparently in no hurry.

F. M. (Appleby).—"Have you been getting ready for the New Year?" We did our best but spent it all at Christmas.

DAPHNE (Leicester).—"I wouldn't mind working a searchlight out in a field in the country. What is there to be afraid of?" Cows.

L. W. (Rusholme).—"I have been told that Sweden has fewer divorces than any other country." Well, it's the home of the safety match.

S. F. (Plumpton).—"I saw a beggar walking briskly down the street, although the word 'crippled' was on his tray." No doubt he meant financially.

B. L. (Tamworth).—"I ran into my old boss the other day and he told me I was not looking well." You couldn't have been or you wouldn't have run into him.

L. R. (East Coast).—"When I'm on sentry during the night, there is one sound I always listen for." The corporal approaching with your relief?

★ S. B. (Barnstaple).—"A fur trapper on an island north of Alaska has been out of touch with civilisation since the war began." That's what *he* thinks!

H. D. (Codsall).—"The thought of joining the Army sends a shiver down my spine." We shouldn't have thought you had one, if that's how you feel.

J. L. (Maidstone).—"The sergeant smiled when I told him the girl he met me with in the park was my sister." Perhaps she had been *his* sister earlier in the week.

JACK (Dawlish).—"When I grow up, I want to be an actor. I have often mentioned this to my father, but all he says is 'it depends.'" We know what he means—it depends on how long you can go without food.

L. A. (Dundee).—"My pal was badly intoxicated and it took me a long time to get him to make an explanation as to why he got drunk in the first place." But surely he didn't do that—probably it happened in the last place?

L. H. (Windsor).—"My young son is always asking me questions. I'd like to know what would have happened if I had asked so many questions when I was a kid." Perhaps you'd have been able to answer some of your boy's queries.

R. L. (Frome).—"My soldier son has just brought his sergeant-major home unexpectedly to spend Christmas with us. Is there anything special I should do?" Well, it might be a wise plan to put your parrot in quarantine for about a fortnight.

A. D. (Kinnersley).—"Whenever I pass, she turns her head." Well, mind that she doesn't turn yours.

F. D. (Golcar).—"My sister is so prim and proper that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth." So you are hoping to have her ration?

N. M. (Lenham).—"I think I am paying you a compliment by sending you the enclosed article." And we return the compliment.

W. N. (Aberdeen).—"What do you think I did when I found a little girl who had lost a shilling in the black-out?" Gave her a match?

G. S. (Inverness).—"A few days ago, I found a use for some of the Christmas presents given to me last year." To whom did you send them?

L. N. (Edgware).—"I am pleased to say that tripe isn't rationed yet." Hence your long letter?

B. M. (Sidcup).—"Now Christmas is over, what is there to look forward to?" Next Christmas.

Mrs. C. (Birtley).—"Although my husband is forty-six, he loves his country so much that he has decided to enlist." See letter below.

Mr. C. (Birtley).—"I have been married for twenty-five years, and I'm sick of it." See letter above.

A. H. (Rainham).—"Will Stalin help Hitler?" From the look of things, he seems to be too busy trying to help himself.

G. P. (Northwich).—"As a fortune-teller, I advise you to beware of a tall, handsome blonde." Too late—we married her.

T. M. (Bow).—"Pickpockets are always busy when there is a fog." Yes, and that's about the only thing they don't attempt to lift.

★ T. M. (Stevenage).—"When the lights went out suddenly and left me stranded in a long underground passage, you can imagine how I felt." Yes, with outstretched hands.

D. L. (Warley).—"I got seven days' C.B. for parading in dirty boots—I wonder what I should get if I neglected to shave?" Whiskers.

G. A. (Filey).—"She and I are not so thick together as we were once. I wonder why it is that love grows cold?" Well, look at the scanty clothes little Dan Cupid wears.

PTE. L. (Keighley).—"Can you guess what was the first thing I did when I reached the house on returning home from France on leave last Monday?" Opened the door and went in?

The Neutrals—Swallowing Pub Combatants' Beer!

Bullets CASH, FOOD SUPPLIES and 1,940 NEW PRIZES!

1ST PRIZE JOY WIRE—JAN 19

£200 CASH and LUXURY CASE MONTHLY THROUGHOUT 1940

£20 plus LUXURY CASE | £10 plus LUXURY CASE | £5 plus LUXURY CASE | £4 plus LUXURY CASE | £3 plus LUXURY CASE

CONTENTS: Cigarettes — Chocolate — Fruit Cake — Biscuits — Honey — Jam — Pickles—Fruit Salad—Tinned Soups — Fruit Cordial.

10 at £2-10 LUXURY CASE
25 LUXURY CASES

1,940 NEW PRIZES INCORPORATING EXCLUSIVE BONUS OFFER OF **£50**

Other 'Bullets' Awards Galore

ONE WEEK ONLY Closing Postmark SAT. JAN 6

THIS WAY TO WIN A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

IN wishing you a happy New Year, JOHN BULL provides in this fine One-week *Bullets* Offer your way to make that wish come true. Half an hour with this page and one of the *Bullets* you enter may well capture £200 cash for New Year needs *and* a case of Luxuries every month throughout 1940!

Each of the other chief winners in this one-week Contest will receive with cheque one of these useful and practical Luxury Cases packed with delicacies, adding welcome variety to the family menu. And, providing a further New Year attraction, the appropriate number of 1,940 New Prizes, each incorporating a £50 Cash Bonus Offer, will be found amongst the quantities of other awards for good *Bullets*.

To make a *Bullet*, simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given.

For instance, using the *Example*, IN GERMANY TO-DAY, a Rugby entrant added the words, VOLUBLE MINISTERS—SILENCED PARSONS, and won a substantial cheque. Further help awaits you in the 1,199th list of winning *Bullets* on this page; turn to the *Examples* and make sure your entry is posted on or before Saturday, January 6.

'BULLETS' 1,199 RESULT

First Prize, £400 plus Gifts
T. SPENCER, 94, Flinton Street, Hull.
Example: WHEN HITLER'S FINISHED
Bullet: BITER BITTEN — BRIGHTER BRITAIN.

SECOND PRIZE, £50:
B. MALLETT, 28, Sandfield Road, St. Albans.
Example: Spreading Wings
Bullet: Over "Mother," Britannia's "Brood."

THIRD PRIZE, £25:
W. C. DAVENPORT, 366, Coventry Road, Birmingham.
Example: Facing Defeat
Bullet: Hitler Has *That* "Feeling."

FOURTH PRIZE, £10:
J. R. DALGLIESH, Beechwood, Cousland, Dalkeith.
Our Evacuees—Missed Movies—Moved—Missed!

2 PRIZES OF £5:
A. UTTING, 8, Orwell Avenue, Benchill, Northenden, Manchester.
When Hitler's Finished—"Pat Substitute" Not Needed.
G. W. WHITING, 28, Rodway Drive, Whitton.
Bulldog Winston—Cupboard's "Guardian"—Cabinet's "Advertiser."

12 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:
W. E. BIRD, 172, Ealing Road, Wembley.
Peeling His Way—Profiteer—Only *Doubling* Prices!
C. BOROUGHS, 257, Gloster Road, Cheltenham.
Best Thing To Do.—Retreat To Holland, Hitler!
Mrs. A. FAULKNER, Downderry, Stanley Park Road, Wallington, Surrey.
In 1940—Fewer Rashers—Rasher Fuehrer!
C. GRIME, 228, Blackburn Road, Darwen.
Father's Invention—Admitted Sound—Admits Soundlessly!
Mrs. P. HODGSON, 21, School Street, Hazel Grove, Cheshire.
Our Evacuees—Game "Ticketed"—Now "Priceless."
A. NEWSOME, 34, Fairfield Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Going Great Guns—Then Why Suppress "Reports"?
Mrs. OLLERENSHAW, 18, 2nd Avenue, Rainworth, Notts.
Neighbour's Saxophone—Gone. Thanks To "Bugle."
Mrs. M. PLUMMER, 185, King's Road, Hr. Bebington, Wirral, Ches.
Neighbour's Black-out—Perfect—Till Footsteps Passing!
E. W. PULHAM, 3, Ostend Cottages, Brixham.
Nearly Starving — Germany — *Harbour* "Mouths" Crammed.
A. E. STAMPER, 29, Hasfield Road, Liverpool.
Britain's Lifeblood—"Tapped," Till U-boats "Taped."
Mrs. E. A. STEVENS, Pytchley Rise, Cranleigh.
Neighbour's Cousin—Convinces, Where Reuter Wouldn't!
A. WHITELOCK, 82, Ravendale Street, Scunthorpe, Lincs.
Neighbour's Armour—"Pierced"—My Son's Wounded.

List of 189 winners of £1 and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

ENTER ON THESE NEW EASY-TO-ENTER STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, DATED JAN. 20, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS
15

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,202 — Closing postmark, SAT., JAN. 6.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above. For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

CHAPTER 1940
SWEEPING EUROPE
COMRADE STALIN
SOMEWHERE IN BRITAIN
FLOOD OF HATE
PRISONERS
WITH AUNTIE'S HELP
RUNNING AMOK
SONNY'S SAVINGS
WHITEHALL WANTS
TO PAY FOR THE WAR
GERMAN RADIO
OUR GROCER
HEARD AT THE BARRACKS
BECOMING A BORE
WHAT THE PADRE SAID
FATHER'S TORCH
HOUR OF TRIUMPH
THAT MAN
SUCCESS IS SWEET, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" on which to build your "Bullets" as instructed.

..... ON ADOLF
CAUGHT .....
NOW EVERYTHING'S .....
IN SEARCH OF .....
..... THE PUBLIC
..... OF FREEDOM

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,202 — Closing postmark SAT., JAN. 6.

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SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY
I enclose **TWO** or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,202 or X-word No. 183 entry value 1s. or over, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,202, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, JAN. 6

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 28, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

For 1940— Be Fit & Slim

EVERY woman wants to look better, to feel better in the year ahead. Slenderness is the way to health, beauty and fitness.

A couple of Bile Beans taken nightly enables you to 'slim while you sleep'—surely and safely.

These fine vegetable pills do more than disperse unwanted fat—they purify and enrich the blood, tone up the entire system and make you feel better in health in every way.

So start with Bile Beans to-night and so make sure of looking and feeling your best in 1940.

By Taking

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